National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 2. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1866. WHOLE NO. 1,354.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT $3.00 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York

☞ ALL LETTERS on Business, or for Publication, should be addressed to the *Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard*, 39 Nassau street, New York.

CLUB RATES.—Ten copies to one address, $2.50 each; twenty copies, $2 each.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

ROBERT J. JOHNSTON, PRINTER,

No. 33 BEEKMAN STREET, N. Y.

THE STANDARD.

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Tuesday, Morning Session.

The President, WENDELL PHILLIPS, in the chair.

[The letters and resolutions, read at the opening of the session, by the PRESIDENT, were printed last week. Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM was the first speaker.]

Speech of Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

Rev. MR. FROTHINGHAM read the second resolution, and proceeded to say:

Let the few words that I have to say this morning be in exposition of this resolution. I think it was Andrew Johnson, then our Vice-President, who said that we were now in the third stage of the war. We are now precisely in that stage of our war for the manhood of man under American institutions and upon the American continent? The first stage of the war was moral; it was ideal. The battle was not upon the ground. It was in the upper air of principles. It was not man against man; it was thought against thought, truth against falsehood. That battle was fought for well nigh a generation, with a power, with a self-consecration, with a loftiness of purpose, with a sincerity of heart, with a single-mindedness of intention, which will never be surpassed among men, if it is ever again equalled. In that battle we were victorious. The enemy were routed, horse, foot, dragoons, and infesting fiends. We brought all the powers of thought, of knowledge, of argument, of persuasion of sentiment, of feeling, of moral conviction, of historical information and experience, to bear upon this question of slavery; and it was decided for us. We turned even the guns of the Old Testament to bear against them. We ransacked the experiences of mankind. We proved that slavery was a mistake, a blunder, a crime, a turpitude, a monster of iniquity and sin. Wherever slavery brought up its argument, we met its argument point blank, and it went down; and now the man who comes forward and undertakes to defend slavery on ideal grounds—on grounds of sentiment, of thought, of reason, of religion, of scripture, is counted even by pro-slavery men, as an ichthyosaurus, as an iguanodon, as a man belonging to the gigantic lizard dispensation. In this first stage of the war our leader was William Lloyd Garrison (applause), and we will ever pay him our most profound homage and respect—a man who was an incarnate conscience, a man who has been faithful in thought and word and deed from the first day of his conscious life until now. Generations hence will pay him a nobler tribute than we can render. The first stage of the war has been fought out. The question can never be raised again whether slavery has anything to say for itself at the bar of human reason.

The next stage of the war was the stage of blood. Slavery challenged us to fight it in the field, and we met it there. We prostrated it there. Slavery ceased to call itself an idea, ceased to call itself a doctrine, but called itself a government, an organized government, and challenged us to meet it on that ground. We met it. Slavery as a government is no more.

And now comes the third stage of the war. We have not now to meet slavery as an idea. We have not now to meet slavery organized as a form of government in the State. We have now to meet slavery as a system—as a condition of society. All our other warfare—I will not say goes for nothing, because it goes for everything—but was introductory and preliminary to this grand final contest which must decide the question once for all. If slavery had been merely a doctrine, there would be no more slavery in America. If slavery were merely an organized government, there would be no more slavery in America. The guns of Grant and Sherman settled that. But slavery is more than an idea; it is more than an organized system of government. It is a condition of society.

Slavery is often called an institution. No; if slavery were merely an institution, it would be gone to-day; because institutions exist by force of law, and a change in the law abolishes the institution. Were slavery a national institution the American Constitution would settle it. But the Amendment of the Constitution cannot settle it now. Suppose that the States are readmitted on President Johnson's hypothesis? How many of those States will ratify the Amendment to the Constitution? How many of those States will pay the least respect to the Amendment to the Constitution? Not one. Slavery is an institution existing by local law; but it is more than that. Suppose that all the State laws sustaining slavery were abolished to-morrow—wiped out of the statute book. Would slavery be dead? Not at all. Slavery is a condition of society, a social system. It is in the bones and the blood of this people. It is in all their history, in all their traditions. It has mingled itself with all their reliances for the present, with all their hopes for the future. It has determined all their policy. It has constructed their social life. Their domestic life is dictated by it in all its details—the education of their sons and daughters—their family discipline. It is an institution that has seized and made over to itself all the prejudices of race, of aristocracy, of family, of wealth, of political prestige and power.

Now the question is, not how is the doctrine to be exploded; not how is the institution to be overthrown; but how is the social system to be eradicated. Until this social system is utterly eradicated, torn up by the roots and cast away, we may almost say that nothing essential has been done. Here then is our battle. We can overthrow slavery as a social system only by social onslaughts, only by revolutionizing the actual condition of society, only by utterly abolishing and destroying its political prestige, its social prerogatives; only by turning it upside down and inside out, making the last to be first and the first last, the great to be little and the little to be great—no, not that, but by making all to be great.

One great agency which has inaugurated this work—and let me say modestly, has inaugurated it nobly, faithfully, courageously, well, is the Freedmen's Relief movement. As an officer in one of these associations allow me to say a word, not in its defence or in apology for it, but simply to show what it means to do, what it can do, and what it cannot do. Let me read you a few of their figures. This association have already in the field 301 schools, 760 teachers, 39,894 pupils in the schools, 830 auxiliary teachers. They have collected in money $408,000, and in supplies nearly $368,000. In money and supplies from abroad, they have received $84,597. That has been done in three years. In another year they will double that work—double the number of schools, double the number of teachers, double the amount of money. But their object is not to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to render aid for material distress. It is not merely to establish schools and educate these people, though they do it well. The teachers whom we send down to the South are the best brain and blood and heart of our Northern country. They represent our Northern people, in intelligence, in faith, in endeavor, in moral purpose. We allow no teacher to go down among the Southern people who is not pledged to a hearty, thorough-going loyalty to the black man. (Applause.) That is the first condition. No intellectual qualification, no amount of enthusiasm, is listened to at all until that condition is guaranteed; because we say when we send down these people that we send down the North. We send down the normal school. We send down the family. We send down respect for woman, respect for man, respect for childhood, respect for liberty, temperance, chastity, manliness, and womanliness, freedom of mind and of heart. We exclude all sectarianism. We put our schools and all our institutions simply upon the basis of humanity. If this movement goes on another year, it will double, and perhaps triple its power. If it is allowed to go on for three years, or five years, it will exert an incalculable influence upon the social condition of the South, upon the whites and the blacks, upon the laboring classes and the capitalists; because we do this work having in view all the necessities of the Southern country and of the Southern people.

But friends, look at this: We do this work now under the shadow of the sword. Not a schoolhouse where there is not a bayonet. Half a mile beyond the lines of our army, our teachers' lives are not safe. Letters come to us even from the Northern South, from the border South, from Maryland and Virginia, from our teachers, saying—"We hold our positions here upon the peril of our lives." We ordered one of our best superintendents, the other day, his own work being done where he was, to push into the interior and find out new places to locate new schools. He said, "I will go; but I may never write you another letter. I take my life in my hand;" and he cited instances to us of men who had been shot in cold blood but a mile from the place where he then was. We are doing our work under the shadow of the sword, and the President is sheathing the sword. We do our work at the point of the bayonet, and the President is ordering away the bayonet. The suspension of the Bureau is the stoppage of our work. Our schools are unpopular everywhere. Here and there a favorable mention is made of them by some Union man kindly disposed towards us, and who wishes to make a fair show upon our records, but the truth is this, that the Southern men and the Southern women are against us, and would not leave a single plank of our schoolhouses standing, if the sword were withdrawn.

Suppose we could go on, and do this work for five or ten years, or an indefinite time, without the soldiery. Could we do a radical work? No. We might educate the blacks. We might, to some extent, civilize the Southern people. We might make black people feel themselves respectable. We might secure to them the rights of property, personal rights, and personal privileges. We might secure to them certain civil rights. That is not enough. It is not enough under our American principles that a man should be safe in his life, safe in his person, and should have the privilege of amassing property and holding property under the law. It is not enough that he should be able to support his own schools and educate his family. That is a great thing—a grand thing—but in America, it is not enough. In Europe, under European institutions, it would be almost everything. In America it falls short of everything. It is not enough that one should be intelligent, that he should be rich, that he should have a large house and an extensive family connection, that he should be personally privileged, if he is a pariah; and in America, without the ballot he is nothing but a pariah. I should be nothing without the ballot, because the ballot in America is the pivot—it is more than the pivot, it is the corner-stone of a man's life. A man is nothing in America unless he has a voice in public affairs, unless he is a voter. Politics are all things with us. Political rights are not one department of human rights, not one department of social rights, not one class of rights among other rights. Political rights are the essential rights; they are the fundamental rights; they are the quintessence of rights. The ballot to a man is life, is position, is personal prerogative is individual prestige, is power. It is a safeguard against his enemies. It is his claim to respect among his friends. It makes him distinctly an American—not a man, but an American man. And therefore I say, unless we can give the negro the ballot, our schools, and all our social influences, will fail to redeem him from that miserable bondage in which he is held, not by the law, not by prejudices, but by the ingrained influences of all the society in the country where he lives.

I say the ballot with us is everything. It makes the small man great, and without it the great man is small. I am not concerned to answer any of the objections that are made against the negro's having the ballot. One man says to me, "Give the negro the ballot, and he will vote as his master tells him to." I do not believe it; but what if he would? Another man says, "Give the negro the ballot and it will simply puff him up with such a sense of self-esteem that he will instantly try to emulate his old masters who represent to him all the gentlemanliness, all the dignity, and wealth, and power that there is." I do not believe it; but no matter if he would. You may say that the ballot would spoil the negro; that he would not understand it; that he would misuse it; that he would abuse it. I do not believe it; but what if he would?

I say we must give the negro the ballot; not because it will be a good thing for him; not because it will be an expedient thing to do; not because it will be immediately a wise thing to do—I do not know whether it would be or not; I am not at all sure he would not abuse it; I am not at all sure that it might not be for the moment something like an evil; I am not sure that he is capable of using it, but I do not care for my argument whether he is or not—the question is not with us a question of expediency, of policy, of judiciousness for the moment; but it is a question of absolute right. (Applause.)

With us in America the right of suffrage is an absolute right, and not a relative right. In Europe it is a relative right. I do not say, Let a man hold a certain amount of property, and then vote; let a man know how to read and write and then vote; let a man have a certain degree of social position, and then vote. I do not say that the suffrage is fit for the man when the man is fit for the suffrage. Man is always fit for the suffrage; if he is not, the suffrage must make him so. The suffrage is an absolute right in America, because our principle is liberty. I do not care whether the principle is going to work one way or another, so far as my duty towards the principle goes. It is a pure matter of conjecture what may come in case we give the suffrage to the negro or withhold it from him. You can no more tell that than I can. The wisest man in this country cannot predict what will be the practical effect of giving the suffrage to the negro. But if you give the suffrage to the negro you do your duty.

I heard once—I believe the story is true, if it is not, it is good enough to be true—that one of the leaders in this great anti-slavery cause was challenged one day by some of his friends for the impracticableness of the position which he assumed. "You want to abolish slavery," they said, "and you put yourself out of the way of all practical efforts to abolish slavery. You never vote; you discourage other people from voting; and you say you will have nothing to do with the political movements or the political organizations by which alone anything is accomplished in America. Yet you say you would abolish slavery. Do you not see that if you would turn politician, if you would engage in party organizations, if you would link up the common battle cry, if you would wave your flag with the rest, you would get all you want?" "Gentlemen," said my friend, "I think you misunderstand me. My business is not to abolish slavery. God will do that in his own time, by his own methods. I am here to do my duty."

So I say, my business is not to elevate the black man. My business is not to make the black man wise. My business is to assert the fundamental principle of our American institutions—and that principle is personal liberty. (Applause.) Come of it what may come, we believe, or profess to believe, that upon that principle man is made man; all the old fetters that oppressed humanity are to be cast off, all old wrongs are to be righted, crooked places are to be made straight, and rough places are to be made plain. We lay that down at the beginning. We start a new civilization. We build up a new government, and we build it upon an idea; and that idea is liberty. It has never been tried upon the face of the earth. Go across the Atlantic ocean. Liberty there is poison; with us it is medicine. There it is danger; with us it is safety. There it means revolution; here it means regeneration. There it means bloodshed and war; here it means prosperity and peace, the saving of life, the multiplication of noble and of happy men and women. There the throne, the army, the government, the police, rest all their power upon the head of liberty to keep it down; here we see the government, the police, the school, the church, all put their arms under liberty, to raise it up. There they say the blood of liberty must be let out; here we say, the blood of liberty must be made fresh and red. That is our idea. We say, do not exclude anybody; include more. We do not say that this man shall not vote; but we say that other man shall. We do not try to mount beyond danger by proscribing the men who have been rebels. We mount beyond danger by lifting up into the prerogative men who have never before had the privilege or prerogative. (Applause.) We counteract evil tendencies by new good tendencies, that have never before been brought into the field.

That is an acknowledged principle. Come from it what will, we stand by it. We say that nothing but good can come from it. We say that if the principle is a false one,—let us try it to see whether it is false or not—if it is discovered to be false, then let us abandon it. We have started upon the ground that it is true. We shall not demonstrate its truth until we have carried it out to its application; and then I believe we shall see that it is God's truth.

When shall we be able to see this? When will our radical people be able to see this? When will our educated people be able to come forward and take their stand nobly upon that idea, and commit themselves fairly and thoroughly to it? We are all traitors. Do you call President Johnson a traitor? He is no traitor. A man is not a traitor unless he is a traitor to himself. President Johnson is no traitor to himself. He has always been precisely what he is now—a pro-slavery Democrat. A man is no traitor unless he is a traitor to a cause that he has espoused. President Johnson is not a traitor to a cause he ever espoused. Did he ever espouse liberty? On the the contrary no Southern man has ever said more outrageous, more unjust, or more vindictive things against the North and Northern institutions than President Johnson. We are the traitors—we who confess a principle and dare not stand by it. (Applause.) We are the traitors, who come forward and advocate a measure, and put in fatal qualifications which show that we do not believe it ourselves.

This theory of ours is no theory. We are not theorists. Andrew Johnson is a theorist, a dogmatist in politics. He is a man who stands by his idea, his notion, his whim, his caprice. We stand upon a principle that is demonstrated by the experience of mankind. All the battles of the world have been, under one or another cover, battles for this. All the blood of the martyrs has been shed for this. Every victory that has been gained has been its victory. If there is any truth that stands to-day demonstrated as a fact of God, a social fact, a moral fact, a fact of government, a fact of religion and law, it is this principle of liberty, pure, simple, unmitigated, undefiled; the emancipation of all human powers, intellectual and moral, lifting all men up to a new plane of existence. (Applause.)

The PRESIDENT stated that in the absence of the Treasurer no financial report would be laid before the meeting. The receipts for the year had been about $14,000, and the expenses about $200 less.

Speech of Charles Lenox Remond.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND, of Salem, Mass., was introduced by the President, and addressed the meeting as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN: While I accept and endorse the resolutions which have been read to us by the President, and while I also accept and endorse the speech just made by our respected friend, Mr. Frothingham, I do not rise for the purpose of making extended remarks at this time. But I feel that so much of the anti-slavery enterprise in our country at this moment hinges on a subject which has so long and so deeply interested me, that I could not discharge my duty on this occasion without saying, in a word, that education, deep and permanent, is still wanted upon the part of the American people touching the subject of prejudice against color. For many years I have been in the hope that much which our friends have from time to time presented in the form of resolutions, it would become unnecessary for us to call upon the American people to put into practice; but that they would do so voluntarily, instinctively, happily, gratefully. In this expectation I have been, like many others, disappointed. Hence I am glad of the introduction of the resolutions before this meeting, for the reason that I honestly believe that nothing short of their practical observance will give us permanently the country or the institutions which we are now proud to have.

I can understand very well the feelings of the white American upon the great questions of democracy and republicanism. I can well understand why the American, however humble, at home or abroad, should feel a growing pride in his country. It is to be seen, in a word, in the salutations which the ragged school boy may make, that other things being equal, there is a chance for him not only to be a member of the American Congress, but to be an occupant of the Presidential chair. But, sir, no such feeling can come over the spirit of the colored child in this country, while resolutions like those before the meeting are still wanting practical observance.

We have come of us been wont to call the American people a nation of ingrates. I have used the expression myself, in times past, and have not been unfrequently rebuked for the expression. But I would inquire, if the resolutions are true, and if the sentiments expressed by our friend, Mr. Frothingham, are correct, is it not true, at this late day, with all the concurring testimony in favor of the black man,—is it not true, strictly speaking, that the American people are a nation of ingrates? And if it is true, how ready and how proud the American people should be to attempt to relieve themselves from the liability to that denunciation.

I have no appeals to make to intelligent people in behalf of the class with which I am connected. I have become tired of making appeals, just as I have become tired, long since, of quoting poetry; and I may almost say, as our friend has remarked to-day, that, from a certain standpoint, I do not care what course thousands and tens of thousands of Americans may pursue. I believe that the black man's cause, if you will permit this expression, will now "whistle itself." (Applause.) I believe that it is "bound to go," onward and upward, whether President Johnson on the one hand or Copperheadism on the other shall will it otherwise. I have never been very pious in the ordinary sense of American piety, but I begin to believe that God reigns in this country. (Applause.) I have never been very orthodox, in the opinion of many of my countrymen; but I believe it is far from heterodox to say that the black man is to have his rights in this nation at no distant day. But whether he will possess them in the manner that many of us wish, whether he will possess and exercise them as soon as I could wish, may be a question. But I believe he is to possess and exercise them; and I am here this morning because I believe that those who compose this meeting, together with myself, may help forward the inauguration of the day when man shall be known in the United States by their virtues and their moral worth, and not by their color or any other accidental circumstances.

If I understand the anti-slavery movement, it contemplates nothing more, nothing less. My friend, Mr. Phillips, may be, as alleged by a great many, a "worshipper of the negro;" but I have no proof of it in the sense in which those writers and speakers use the term. He will pardon me if I say that I admire him, not because he overacts towards my color, but simply because, unlike so many Americans, he treats the colored man precisely as he treats others. His conduct has seemed to me to be equal, and republican. It has seemed to me, in contradistinction from that of the American people, to be civilized toward the black man. Hence I honor him, and the cause he advocates. (Applause.)

Now, sir, is it true that the colored man's condition is a nominal one? I think it is. I am not a great reader; but I think some distinguished man has said that nothing so much assimilates a man to a brute as living among freemen, himself partially, nominally free. This is the condition of the colored man in the United States. As late as this, the 8th day of May, 1866, with all the testimony borne during the war of the Revolution, with all the testimony which has come from abroad, as well as that during the last four years in this country, we see that to this hour the recognition of the rights of the colored man is extremely limited. I will not undertake to prove that the colored man is a man because of any efforts he may have made during the few years of the war. I believed him to be a man prior to the rebellion. I have nothing more to say now in advocacy of his courage than I had prior to the rebellion. Under equal circumstances I believed then that the colored man was courageous equally with his fellow-countrymen of another complexion. Nor shall I attempt here to prove his fidelity or his loyalty. It is an everlasting shame, and disgrace, and damnation, for the white American to doubt it, while they have never been able to give an instance of disloyalty upon the part of the black man, under circumstances which would have provoked white men into devils. (Applause.) The silence of the colored men during the early part of the war, more than anything else, was a proof of his equality, his identity with the human race. Were I to undertake to prove his manliness by the same class of demonstration which thousands have resorted to, I should feel that I was stultifying myself. I do not believe the American people want proof of his manhood. I have never believed they wanted proof of his fidelity and of his patriotism. I have never believed they considered him under equal circumstances to be their inferior. But I knew that fashion, in our own as in other countries, was powerful; and I knew that the American pride was equally powerful; and pride and fashion in America were satisfied with reducing the black man to a slave, and equally satisfied to keep him there.

But during the war God has called the colored man before your eyes and reflection as he was never called before. I need not cite the case of the black man who took upon his shoulders the wounded white soldier, and bore him to his own cabin. We have the testimony of the wounded soldier himself that he owes his life to the black man, an utter stranger to him, with none of the motives, none of the incentives, none of the prospects, which regulate, and characterize, and encourage other men. We see that, under unparalleled provocation, the black man remained silent. When his opinion of the impending conflict was asked, the only answer that this black man would make was, "I am harking." He would not commit himself upon the side of the South, nor upon the side of the North, but continued to hark. If thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-countrymen had looked in that direction during those anxious hours in our country, when the permanent welfare of the nation seemed to hinge upon that class, their silence would have been as significant to them as it was in the case of this man when questioned by the two slaveholders. But these things were not regarded, and were not reflected on until a more recent day. May God Almighty multiply the scenes, and events, and issues, and the moral clashing between the faithful men of our country and the unfaithful; may He turn and overturn, until justice shall be done to this class of American people. Oh, sir, what a burning shame it is that it should be necessary at this late hour to call a meeting in the Metropolis of our country to consider the question whether it is expedient, whether it is just, whether it is a duty, whether it is humane, whether it is democratic or republican, to give to this class of our countrymen their rights, and especially the right of casting the ballot! It was nobly expressed by our friend here this morning that every other right paled before the right to cast the ballot. That the black man is competent to cast it, President Johnson has proved more clearly than any other man in the country. If, when the contrast was made between him and Frederick Douglass, a few weeks since, in the city of Washington, it was not then decided that the black man was competent as against the white man to exercise the right of suffrage, the sooner the ballot is done away with altogether, the better. (Applause.) The best remark I have heard made in our country during the last six months, was made by an impartial and talented foreigner in the city of Washington, an hour after the interview between the colored delegation and the President, when that distinguished white foreigner said, "For the first time in my life, I am ashamed of my complexion." (Laughter and applause.) It was a moment when I was more than ever proud of mine. (Renewed laughter and applause.) But, sir, I do not believe in pride of complexion at all. I should be as much ashamed of a black man who made a merit of his complexion, as of one who made a merit of the curl of his hair, which I find it difficult just now to prevent myself from doing, when I observe the attempts to imitate it upon the part of the white American people.

The prejudice against color, as a reason for denying us the ballot, is a matter which, I confess, passes my limited comprehension. I have no doubt many of you may have seen the account of the Yankee officer returning from the war who made the acquaintance, upon his journey, with a Southern lady, who was travelling North with her servant-girl and one or two children. After nightfall this Yankee—I will not say that he was a good specimen, or an educated, or polite, or even a gallant specimen; the audience may judge of that—he certainly claimed to be somebody, however, with the epaulettes or straps on his shoulders,—in conversation with this Southern lady, threw out the intimation that upon separation he should venture a salutation. What the lady's feelings were, I do not know, but I presume she considered him a little in haste, to say the least of it. She did not rebuke him at the time, but determined to cheat him, and, after a short time, she changed places with her colored servant, and passed to another part of the car. When the gallant Yankee officer stepped forward, and carried his threat into execution, I presume he felt himself to be an extremely happy man; but, unfortunately, the next morning there was a very sad development of the whole matter; for the white lady took occasion to inquire of her colored servant how her bonnet became so jammed, and the girl gave the reason, from which the company in the cars learned, and the Yankee officer first became aware, that he had given this salutation to the colored servant-girl. Now I want to inquire where was the prejudice against color with that Yankee officer. I never saw him upon the anti-slavery platform; I never heard of his writing anti-slavery poetry; but I do say that a man who can see no clearer than that, has no right to deny the colored man the ballot.

Now let us seek to put an end to the prejudice against color; let us be manly, just, democratic, and Christian, and then the black man will be allowed the rights of a man; and it needs only that, and especially to give him the ballot, to make our country what it ought to be made, the happiest, and freest, and noblest country in the world. (Applause.)

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

Rev. J. T. SARGENT, of Boston, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, took the chair, and

WENDELL PHILLIPS addressed the Convention as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN: The fourth resolution before the Convention is in these words:

"Resolved, That the rebellion has not ceased; it has only changed its weapons. Once it fought, now it intrigues; once it followed Lee in arms, now it follows President Johnson in guile and chicanery; once it had its headquarters in Richmond, now it encamps in the White House."

I think there is very great substance of truth in the remarks which my friend Mr. Remond has made to us touching the colored race. Much as some of us have been charged with partiality in our judgment of that race, no such charge ought ever to close the lips of an American at this crisis against acknowledging the marvelous, wholly unexpected development of the characteristics of that race, provoked by the events of our civil contest. It will be a rare and beautiful credit to the negro, in the history of this rebellion, that while, when we spoke of white men, we designated their position in relation to the issues of the war—we said loyal men, Republican, Copperhead, Secessionist—we added an epithet to the name of white; when we divided the South, we spoke of the loyalists and the rebels—no man ever added an adjective to the black man. To be black was loyalty, patriotism, and justice, without an epithet. (Applause.) They needed no description. Instinct, common sense, magnanimity, saved them alike from treason, and from that cowardice which takes the name of policy, and conceals its sentiment. We have a great many men at the South, whites, who were said to have sympathized with the Union, but they had not the courage to show it. Late journals tell us that when the Southerner had put chaplets over the graves of their dead soldiers, it was the black men of Savannah who gathered arms-full of flowers and went out to deck the graves of the Northern victims, and were shut out of the cemetery by the power of the local government. They had no concealment. They needed no disguise. In the first moments of the war they held their peace. Men said that was cowardice, but Port Hudson and Fort Wagner stopped that charge, and we have this day to accord to them good sense.

We are all apt to forget in these later and fast hurried events, the circumstances that made Northern resistance possible. I found great fault with the report of Gen. Grant touching Gen. Butler, not that he criticized his last military efforts in Virginia, but because he criticized them in a spirit which forgot that in 1861 it was Butler's wit that saved us Baltimore, and thereby saved us the capital and the symbol of nationality. (Applause.) If Butler had not gone round by Annapolis and saved us the passage to the capital, Grant would never have had room to be. He forgot, too, that when in that great crisis of the war New Orleans gave us control of the Gulf again, it was Benjamin Butler that saved us in that second terrible crisis of national emergency; and he will tell us, as will his successor, that in that moment, when all the black race was reticent, it was to the loyalty of the black men of New Orleans that he owed it that the national flag floated in safety over the third city of the Republic.

The magnanimity, the tenderness, the unflagging loyalty, the instinct that never faltered, the generous frankness that never concealed itself in the hour of danger—these are the attributes of the black race in this history—the same history which paints us in 1865 and 1866 doubting, debating whether it will not be safe to compromise his rights away, and still be a nation. In that great scale in which the future will weigh the two races, God help the white! Instead of the great qualities fitting to such a crisis, I observe that Henry Wilson of my State, with the usual elements of compromisers, is ready to compromise away the rights of anybody but himself. There is this poison which always attends the idea of American compromise; that no American statesman ever entertained for a moment the thought of compromising his own rights. American compromise is statesmanship compromising the rights of third parties that are not present. That is what Congress is debating to-day.

It seems to me that this meeting has a peculiar and specific function and significance to this American people; and in the profound analysis which Mr. Frothingham has given us of the successive epochs of the American struggle, we see the necessity and significance of this meeting. I hold that the American Anti-Slavery Society meets to say this to the American people; that those who represent the black race in this struggle of two generations, are not content; that they protest against every settlement that has been proposed, either by Congress or the President, of the national crisis. This meeting, if it means anything, means that what is called the Anti-Slavery body is not content with any plan that has been offered by any appreciable body of the nation.

I quite agree with and was profoundly impressed by the view taken by Mr. Frothingham, representing the third epoch of this struggle—the struggle with slavery as a form of civilization, if you will dignify it with that term, as a form of society; not as an idea, not as an institution, but as a social element; and with the correlative truth that it is to be fought, not by enactment, not simply by discussion, but by the power of the great social element that makes government, and gives character to nations. It is for that reason that the Society announces that to-day the only cure that is possible for the national hurt is universal amnesty and universal suffrage, wherever the national flag floats. (Applause.)

I say this, not because I do not believe in the punishment of traitors, not because I do not know the power of the thousand men that made the rebellion. I know it thoroughly; and the rebellion has proved it beyond dispute, that a thousand men engendered the rebellion and gave it birth. If in 1860 God had pleased to take them to himself—or drop them the other way (laughter)—there would have been no rebellion. These men live,—the larger portion of them. Congress proposes to disfranchise them. It is idle. The disfranchised man, coming out from such a crisis as this, has his power doubled, by that tenderest of all ties, the tie of a common misfortune. Disfranchise John Andrew and Charles Sumner in Massachusetts, and you add 50 per cent. to their power. Lift into sympathy, by disfranchisement, Jefferson Davis, and you add to his influence in his native State. If he could have been hanged, he would have passed into history as a sentiment, perhaps, like the memory of Charles I., like a power. But that time has gone by.

Disfranchisement is an aggravation. It is no help. The elements which made the rebellion,—Davis, Wade Hampton, Stephens, Lee, Beauregard, Johnson,—can neither be hung nor converted. They hate us worse than ever. They have a stronger hold upon their own States to-day than ever. Every sane man knows that in settling the problem of the future, they must be counted in. If we have not elemental force enough to neutralize them, then nationality is a failure. If 20,000,000 of loyal people have not learned enough from this war to bear Jefferson Davis, then nationality is a failure. Adjourn the dispute, and wait for a better generation. But we have elements, we have sufficient strength to ignore Jefferson Davis and a thousand like him, if they still live; and that strength is justice. (Applause.)

Now let us face the whole problem. Let us open our eyes wide, and take in the whole country. You can neither get rid of nor can you change the half million leading minds of the South. Battle does not convert a million of men. Nations do not live or change by battles; they live and change by epochs. The wave of national change is like the wave of the generation thirty years ago. God does not change life-long prejudices, but he takes them out of the way, into the grave, and leaves room for the fresh young truth to grow. We have to wait for that before the 5,000,000 of poisoned men and treble-poisoned women are taken out from the midst of the nation. Meantime, how shall we fortify justice? how shall we render prosperity possible? I think there is a little mistake in appreciating the motives of the South on this question. I do not quite believe that the South dreads simply negro suffrage. It is not there that the South meets the bight of the question. A negro voting once a year at the town polling booth, is not, after all, such an inexpressible evil. It might be tolerated with a gigantic and heroic effort of magnanimity. The bight comes later in the programme. Four hundred thousand negroes in South Carolina, with every adult possessing a vote, does not mean negro suffrage only; it means a score of negro representatives in the House of Representatives at Columbia. (Applause.) It means New Orleans not only counting among her leading merchants men with colored blood, but counting among her Senators and Representatives, among her chief officers, colored men. The Senator who goes up to Columbia to take his seat will find a colored man sitting beside him. When the committees are raised there must be white and colored men on them. A legislative committee are summoned to view the proposed route of a railway, or to view the site of some prospective public improvement; and availing themselves of the free passes of some railroad contractors, they take passage to look at the ground. The colored men must go down with the white. The next door is social equality. The Governor has a levee, and must invite the Legislature, black and white. Chaos is come again. That is where the Southerner meets the question. The Northern statesman has ever seen, perhaps not beyond his nose—perhaps an inch short of it; but the Southerner sees a mile

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

DESERVES ORIGINAL COPY

Speech of John T. Sargent.

(Continued from Fourth Page.)

ing every colored man with the right of suffrage, filling the hearts of the poor freedmen with an abounding joy, making the whole continent resonant with hallelujahs, while the sunlight of a redeemed people comes up over the hill-tops! These are our duties; these are our obligations now;—to see to it that the *people* are truly informed and well impressed as to the real issues of the hour. At all events, the people at large, now, should know what are the real, imminent, undeniable facts, that the President, with the craft of a Cataline, has his arm uplifted for a final stab at the Republic, and is so plainly in complicity with Southern rebels as to justify the charge of Wendell Phillips, that the "headquarters of the rebellion, to-day, are in the 'White House' at Washington." With the spirit of an oligarch, hand-in-hand with all conspirators against our peace, the so-called President is playing his cards for a second term of the Presidency, and hopes for re-election under such a miserable constituency as may be huddled together out of Southern traitors, Northern Copperheads, unsound Republicans, a jealous fraction of the Democratic party, watching its opportunity, and a foreign element but too ready to reinstate slavery or any other form of despotism, if, thereby, it could only disorganize and assassinate this Republic; a mushroon aristocracy, with intense hate towards the negroes, aping the affectations and pretensions of foreign nobles, without their culture, and looking with more than contempt on every effort to inaugurate or confirm the great principles of liberty and equality; and, to crown all, Secretary Seward, that incarnate Jesuit, grinding and working (as an accompaniment to this dance of devils) the *hand organ* of their craft with a monkey from Tennessee on the top of it! It should further be known to what extent these Southern rebels are every day gathering confidence from the encouragement thus given them at Washington; how they are straining every nerve to regain their lost power and position; how they are expecting and claiming to be repaid for their forfeited slave property, reorganizing and carrying on the slave trade between their Southern ports and Cuba; burning all the churches and schoolhouses of the colored people, as at Memphis and Petersburg; mobbing and maltreating all the ministers, school-teachers, and other friends of the freedmen who are engaged in their instruction, and in every possible way trying to block the wheels of every anti-slavery enterprise. Sum up, then, if you will, these Satanic combinations of evil power, so arrayed against the peace of our country, if you would see what good reason we Abolitionists still have for continuing our work; what a full justification there is for our radical policy of protest and resistance, and how much cause, too, Wendell Phillips had for his premonition (so sneered at when he uttered it), "THE SOUTH VICTORIOUS!"—for it *was* but forecasting and premonitory of the consequences and defeats that would overwhelm us if any other than a thoroughgoing anti-slavery policy of reconstruction were carried out. Once for all, then, it may as well be understood that we, as Abolitionists still intend to lock arms and stand shoulder to shoulder in our continued unfaltering opposition to whatever would infringe the great rights of humanity. We are banded for this and mean to put it through if we *die* for it! Like the little remnant of Swiss guards that struggled against such fearful odds in by-gone revolutions, we shall fight it out to the last man of us. So far as our influence can effect it we mean to "check-mate" the subtle duplicities that are so working at Washington. Let us hope that a well-ordered body of Congressmen may be brought to bear against them, or if that fail us, then, as I have said, by the grace of God, such a rigid tenacity of a right popular sentiment *here* at the North, and *there* at the West; yes and there at the *South*, and so well compacted of common sense, so integral and complete in its appreciation of justice, that it *cannot* fail any more than the great laws of the Almighty, on which it is based, can fail, and can no more be countermanded or broken or put back than the "rock of ages" can be rent asunder or blasted by one of our poor little squibs! Yes, friends! under God and Christ, the truest and safest Mediator now, for this torn and bleeding Republic is this all but omnipotent high-souled public sentiment, making itself unmistakably heard and felt by arraignment before its bar of all political wrong-doers, whether in the Halls of Congress or the Presidential Chair; impeaching and displacing from all positions of trust, all traitors, despots, and time-servers till thus our beloved land shall be thoroughly regenerated and realize "true light" out of present darkness, and untold happiness out of all her tribulations. Let us not, then, be discouraged nor give it up yet; for, as Alfred Tennyson with his hopeful muse has said:

"O, yet we trust, that, somehow, *good*
Will be the final goal of ill;
To pangs of *nature*, sins of will,
Defeats of doubt, and taints of blood;
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;
That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a *moth*, with vain desire,
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.
Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off—at last, for all,
And every Winter change to Spring!"

Speech of Rev. George H. Hepworth.

REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH of Boston was introduced by the President and spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN: I am anxious; and yet in spite of the angry portent of the skies, I am hopeful. I do not believe that any man, or any combination of men, can successfully stand as an impediment in the way of liberty and truth. America is destined to be free. It is a "consummation most devoutly to be wished," but one for which we can wait. He who rules the stars and who holds the nations in the hollow of his hand, has said in words of fire, which he who runs may read, that the Republican experiment shall succeed. Men's highest dreams of liberty shall ripen into realities, and the people's loftiest aspirations shall be crystalized into laws. And though our President stands on one side, and though his Cabinet with downcast heads stand with him—aye, though the American Congress, one by one, be bought over, though before ten years from to-night we may be involved in another civil war, one vaster and more terrible than that through which we have just successfully found our way, yet in the end, before our nation dies, liberty shall mean liberty from the lakes of the North to the Gulf, from where the Pacific Ocean sighs out its lullaby to the setting sun, to where the Atlantic waves greet with their hoarser music its rising orb. (Applause.)

In 1864 we were very much in the condition of a noble vessel that had warred with the elements for four times twelve months, and with soiled rigging and broken spars, was just approaching the longed for haven. Aye, the order had been given from the quarter deck to drop the anchor. We thought we were safe. We were getting our trunks up the gangway. We were beginning to look for the greeting of our friends. But all at once, in an inopportune hour, a breeze, a tempest, a whirlwind, of whose existence we never dreamed, drove us back, day after day, and night after night, and now we are in mid Atlantic. But we are nearing the shore for the second time, this time to drop our anchor indeed in the safe and secure harbor of that freedom which knows no color and no clime, which has only the standard of manliness by which to judge of citizenship. (Applause.)

It is a result absolutely growing out of the logic of events. You cannot stop the procession of the Holy Spirit. It has started, and like an avalanche which Providence starts from the mountain top, it will bear everything out of its way, and at last triumphantly land just at that spot which God fixed when he started the avalanche years ago.

In 1861, it was ordained at Washington that every slave who was made use of by his master to aid the rebellion, should be considered free, and should be free if he could win it. The country was startled. The Democratic party, all over the country, shuddered and had a fit. Conservative Republicans cried out, "it is the beginning of the end." The Copperheads, too, read their own doom when they saw the handwriting on the wall foretelling the doom of Republicanism; for it was their own doom, and not the doom of that noble thought which showed its head in 1861, which was foretold. (Applause.)

In 1862, that little infant, rocked in the cradle of Abraham's bosom (applause), grew in stature, and in wisdom, and became a very promising child, twelve months old; promising a grand future for itself and for all its progeny; and then it was ordained, amid the mutterings and hisses of the world, that within the little District of Columbia, there should be no slave; and from the White House went out the clarion voice, and as though by magic every chain dropped from human limbs, and black men for the first time in their lives were men. (Applause.)

Later in that same year, it was ordained in Washington, a third time, that if any black man could escape through the lines of the enemy and find shelter within our lines, he should be thereafter free. And though our generals, major and brigadier, though our colonels and our line officers misinterpreted the times, and denied the validity of the order, yet only a few months were necessary to show that America was treading in the straight and narrow path, although she put her foot down slowly upon the solid ground which upholds the national life, the national liberty, and the national security.

A year after that, on the first of January, the great Emancipation Proclamation was issued; a proclamation which is the most humane piece of writing this side the Sermon on the Mount; a proclamation which is a direct and distinct illustration of the Golden Rule, and which showed the extreme faith which Lincoln had in that God who ruleth all men, and who takes more pleasure in goodness and righteousness than in oppression and wrong. (Applause.)

But we waited two years before the people said "Amen." Lincoln cried out, but the press of Illinois shook its head and said "Too fast, too fast;" and all the copperhead party shivered along their spinal column as though a centipede was running down their backs, and said "impractical statesmanship; we have got a theorist at last in the presidential chair, who is going to ruin America;" and yet the President was the only practical man in the country, and they alone were theorists. But at last, thank Heaven, after two long weary years of waiting, the people said "Amen," and the amendment was written in the Constitution of the United States.

And now, gentlemen and ladies, in 1866, the last result has been reached before that consummation of all things in our politics—the Civil Rights bill is passed—aye, is passed over the disinclination of the President. (Applause.) It is now the law of the land; and we Americans can say for the first time—believe me, young men, it is a proud thing which has happened in your time and mine;—believe me, ye white heads, it will be good news that you will carry into the next world, when you see Washington, and Lafayette, and Hamilton, and tell them that in 1866, the war being over, the country being made one by the force of arms, the people calmly and deliberately met in convention and ordained it as an irrefragable law that whoever stands upon our continent and beneath our flag, is surrounded by the same protection as the white man.

Now there is but one step further, there is but one more thing for which we desire to agitate; and then this Society may be blown to the four winds of Heaven; and we think we have a right to demand that thing in the name of the logic of events; for the finger of Providence points in that direction, and in no other direction. We will cease to talk about black men, and about white men, when that glorious day shall come wherein you shall not only surround the black man with all the rights of citizenship, but put into his hand the ballot, which is the bulwark, and the only effectual bulwark of that citizenship which to-day is an ordination upon paper. Give us that, and we say, good bye. Give the black man the right to protect himself, and then if he cannot do it, we have nothing to say.

Two opportunities have been offered to these people. One when Abraham Lincoln, sitting in his chair one day, heard a voice from out the heavens saying, "Abraham my servant;" and Abraham cried out, "Lord, here am I." And the voice from the cloud said, "Abraham, write;" and Abraham, the servant of the Lord, answered, saying, "What shall I write?" And the voice came saying, "Write that hereafter all men are free." (Hisses.) A hiss at freedom! (Great applause.)

Rev. Mr. MARTIN suggested that the hiss was not at freedom but at the attempt to parody the Scriptures.

Rev. Mr. HEPWORTH resumed—I hope I am not irreverent. My profession is not one that would make me so, and a man whose politics are upon the right side would not be very apt to find fault with the illustration I have given you here. (Applause.)

Now I want to say further, that there is great danger, in my estimation, danger because the people are wrong, and not because the President is wrong. If we fail, it is not the fault of Andrew Johnson. If America, as an experiment, fails, it will be because the American people are not equal to the emergency. It will be because the people are not true to their consciences, to their education, and to the Golden Rule. There is no "parody" there. Take the Golden Rule, word for word, and find your politics and your humanity there, and then come and hiss if you dare. (Applause.) Do you know—if you do not, let me tell you—that there stand between us and seeming ruin only three votes? Between us and civil war, three votes, and nothing else? Suppose Congress passes a law requiring the signature of the President. The President declines to put his name at the end of the paper, and sends it back to Congress. You have not got the requisite two-thirds; and where are you? Do you think the President will yield? Do you know him? If you do, you know that he will not yield; that if he has one characteristic which is stronger and more eminent than any other, it his firmness, as he calls it, and his obstinacy as some of us call it. Or do you think that Congress will yield? Do you know the men there? If they do yield, we are gone; and if they do not yield, where are we? Gone. The very moment that conflict commences between the President and Congress, that very moment is inaugurated a civil war which may deluge the very streets of New York in fraternal blood, which may put the father against his son, and the son against his father. As I have to answer before high Heaven, I have no other interest in talking to you so severely but the interest of my country. Born and bred here, I love it. I love its institutions, and above all I love its liberty; and I know that when its liberty fails the whole country fails with it.

We ask then that the negro shall have the ballot, according to the resolutions which were read this morning; not, as I understand the spirit of those resolutions, that we shall attempt to inaugurate universal suffrage to-day, but simply that we shall wipe out the word "white" from all our political dealings with the South, that if there be there a man with a black skin who is able to judge concerning political questions, there shall be no power beneath the heavens that shall dare deny him a voice in the government; that if there be a black man there who has been true for four years, leading your son 200 miles and landing him safely within the Union lines, taking him from the stockade at Andersonville, he has a better right to vote for President and our other officers than Robert E. Lee, who could swear that his name was Robert E Lee, but who could not swear to any other earthly thing.

We ask this for certain palpable reasons, which all men can understand; and first of all, for our own security. We of the Anti-Slavery party do most earnestly and solemnly believe that if you shut out four millions of human beings from any representation whatever, if you deny them the highest prerogative of American citizenship, you, with free will and malice aforethought, deprive four millions of people of that interest in the General government which every person ought to have as a spur to duty. We believe that four millions of people, uneducated, without school-books, and without churches, are a pest in any community; and that no republican government can stand such a test for two generations. Old England, with her great balance-wheel of power, with her peerage, and her king or her queen, can rule her 20 or 30 millions with an iron hand. But in America the very moment you make the people ignorant, you sap the very foundation of your government. The school-house is the corner-stone on which you build your temple; and unless you build it thereon you build in vain.

We ask, then, that this movement shall be carried still further, and that the ballot shall be given to the negro, because we must do it for our own protection, for the maintenance of our government in the future.

In the second place, we believe that many of the negroes ought to have a vote as well as the white people, because it is in accordance with the fundamental principles of the American government. In the third place, we say it is due to them as a matter of gratitude. Gen. Grant said the other day that were it not for the 180,000 black soldiers, the war would have continued for twelve months longer, and our great debt would have been increased $1,000,000,000. No matter what your politics are, I tell you that any man is a base ingrate, a recreant to the highest duty of the 19th century, who will stretch out his cowardly hand to receive the liberty bought with the blood of 200,000 black soldiers, and with the other clench the ballot and refuse the black man a voice in the government he has been willing to die to save. (Applause.)

I heard Garret Davis in Washington the other day—heaven save the mark—argue for two mortal hours to show why the negro was not equal to the white man. It was not a particularly new argument to me; yet I listened very attentively for greater light from the great Kentucky Senator. He said, The negro is not equal to the white man because his hair is curly; because his cuticle is not like mine; because there is a crook in his shin bone. He then quoted Dr. Wyman, of Cambridge, to prove that there was a crook in his shin bone, to prove that there was a difference in the color of his cuticle, and to prove that there was a kink in his hair. He did not once refer to the manhood of the man. Then I said, as I sat in that gallery, Oh, Mr. Davis, one of two things is true. You have said that the negro is only first-cousin to the baboon; but if it is true, as some argue, that there has been a development from the baboon up to the man, it is also true that there are some men in this country who are working their way down from the man to the baboon. (Applause.)

Oh, Robert Small! (applause) bringing your boat out under the guns of the enemy, at the risk of your life, and giving it a free gift to the United States government, you can,—for Garret Davis says you can,—you can fight, you can die, you can help to pay the national debt, you can help to pay our taxes every year, in all things, when burdens are to be borne, you can stand by the noblest white man in the land; but though you be the bravest of the brave, the grandest of the grand, when it comes to putting the ballot in the box, you are not of as much worth as the poorest sneak of a Copperhead in the land!

Let me tell you in this connection a story for which I can vouch. At Baton Rouge a mulatto man told me, with singular simplicity this story. Said he, "Master, six months ago I was living on a plantation 50 miles up the river. I was a happy man, though I was a slave, and I had the prettiest wife on the plantation. I was happy, except these bonds, and even with these bonds, the great joy of my youth seemed to come up and enable me to bear the yoke. One morning I was out in the sweet potatoe patch hoeing my potatoes, when all at once a gloom came over me. It must have been one of those shadows which coming events sometimes cast. I stood still in the furrow and I thought—suppose my wife should be taken from me. Good God! what a thought! Then the old bell rang for twelve o'clock, and I laid my hoe down in the furrow and went to dinner. I opened the door of my little thatched cottage, and there stood my wife; but there was no dinner. She was trembling from head to foot; her cheeks were pale with tears; and she came and put her arms about my neck and sobbed like a child. And master, when a pretty negro puts her arms about her husband's neck and sobs, he knows what it means. In that moment I forgot that I was a negro, and I remembered only that I was a man. Outside my house, twenty rods off, stood my young master, a rebel lieutenant, home on a furlough of thirty days. I went up, and standing in front of him I was his equal. Nay, I was his superior, for he was a villain, and I was a slave. Telling him the damning deed he did, I struck him a right good blow with my fist and felled him to the ground. But as he lay prostrate before me, it did not cure my wound, my aching heart was there, and I remembered that in Louisiana a black man has no rights that a white man is bound to respect; and so I ran, for my life and for freedom, with the hope of returning and bringing away my family at some time. All that afternoon I ran with the speed of thought. Just at set of sun I laid my weary frame beneath the shadow of a live-oak tree, and I got a few minutes rest. It was but a few minutes, because I was between liberty on the one hand and death on the other, and no man can sleep then. So up I got and ran again. My shoes were torn from my feet, and my clothes from my body. In about ten minutes I put my hand to my ear. I thought I heard something in the far distance. No; it could not be; and so on I went again. In another minute, there it was again. Did you ever hear it? If you ever did you never will forget it. It was the baying of the bloodhounds—two of them—on my track! I ran with all ray might; but, good God! what can a man do when a bloodhound is on his track. In five minutes the first one struck my thigh; but I had a little knife with me, and I succeeded in killing him. In another moment, the other one struck my thigh," and the man showed me the wound, and I tell you that it is no exaggeration to say that that hound took out with his teeth, which met at the bone, full four ounces of human flesh, which he swallowed! Said he, "I fought the dog, and killed him, and the next morning I saw our flag," and he added with unbounded enthusiasm, "it was God's flag, which means liberty." (Applause.) To-day that negro, who afterwards served honorably at Port Hudson, and who wears the United States uniform, stands in Washington before the White House, by the side of the rebel lieutenant who dishonored his wife, and both of them stretch out their hands for the rights of citizenship, and for that ballot which will enable them to protect their liberties. Now I put to you the common sense question, What are you going to do about it? If you could wipe out the incident, wipe it out with your tears, and never let it stain the fair page of our American history. But you cannot wipe it out. The fact is there. I know not what any man in this house may do, but so far as I am concerned, so help me Heaven, I will give my voice, I will give my influence, I will give my prayers, from this day forth until the thing is accomplished, to give that black man the right to vote, instead of the white man who has stabbed the country and killed my brother. (Applause.)

This is no dream, no creation of the fancy. It is one of the most stupendous and ugly facts in the history of the 19th century; and to-day the very angels of Heaven are looking down to see us solve the question; and I do most sincerely believe that if we solve it the wrong way, if we say to the negro, You can be anything in the world except a man, the doom of America is written upon the blue firmament, and no power on earth, and no power in Heaven will stay it. But if within twelve months you decide according to the golden rule of righteousness, and say that hereafter the only standard of citizenship in America shall be manhood, shall be fitness, shall be bravery, shall be loyalty, you settle the question which history has been putting to generation after generation, and you settle it forever. And then you have a corner-stone which is a part of the very Rock of Ages, upon which you can build the temple of your nationality, and time will fail to destroy it. (Great applause.)

Rev. Mr. MARTIN, President of Lincoln College for Colored Young Men, explained that he did not know why any person had hissed during the remarks of the last speaker; that it had seemed to him that his use of the Scriptures was too much like taking the holy anointing oil of the priesthood for common purposes, and he had thought it but charitable to suppose that such was the feeling that caused the hiss. He also took occasion to say that the remark of the previous speaker that a tailor was but the ninth part of a man, was disrespectful to working men. He considered a tailor, if a Christian, as good a man as a carpenter, and the Savior was a carpenter. (Applause.)

Rev. Mr. SARGENT disclaimed any intention to say anything against tailors, excepting such as disgraced the business.

Rev. Mr. MARTIN suggested that this disgrace was from being a slaveholder, and not from being a tailor.

Rev. Mr. HEPWORTH desired the person who had hissed during his remarks, to say so, if that hiss had been rightly interpreted by the last speaker. He feared that his own explanation of it was more likely to be the true one.

Mr. BLAIR, a returned soldier, said that being one of those persons who had been referred to as piloted by the negro from a Southern prison to the North, he felt called upon to bear his testimony. (Applause.) Being called to the platform he made the following statement: He was captured in June, 1863, at Winchester, and taken to Libby Prison, and remained a prisoner until November, 1864, when he was a prisoner at Columbia, S. C. On the 29th of November he escaped in company with another soldier, and started for Knoxville, a distance of four hundred miles.

They had with them two small loaves of bread, and about a pound of bacon, but were encouraged by the experiences of others who had attempted to escape, and who had been brought back, to believe that they could obtain assistance from negroes on their way. After travelling several days, with no other provisions, except a few ears of corn and some persimmons, not daring to hail any of the negroes they saw, they were almost famished. One morning they discovered a light in the forest, which they approached, hoping to find other escaped prisoners; but it had been made by two negroes, who were lying on the ground asleep. The negroes were at first very much frightened; but as soon as they found that their visitors were Yankees, they directed them to a plantation near by where they could get food. They went and found that the plantation belonged to a man who was in the rebel army, and who had left it in charge of a "faithful servant." This negro took them to his cabin, fed them sumptuously, and gave them enough food to last several days. When that was exhausted, they came across an old negro; but he said he could not do anything for them, and was evidently afraid of them, supposing that they were living in the neighborhood, patrolling to find negroes out without permission from their masters. The old man, at last, however, told them where to go to get assistance. They found the man, and were again well entertained, and then they learned that they had come upon a regular underground railroad to the North, and from that time they had no trouble, and finally reached Knoxville in safety.

I feel, said Mr. Blair, in concluding, that I owe my life to the negro; that my liberty—liberty that I appreciate more than I ever did before, and more than I presume any of you will ever know how to appreciate it, was due to them. And I felt it my duty to come forward here and bear this testimony to the kindness and faithfulness, and to say that I believe the negroes, who have been faithful under such circumstances, will still be faithful when they have all the rights which belong to them. (Applause.)

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

WENDELL PHILLIPS (Rev. Mr. SARGENT having taken the chair) addressed the meeting as follows:

I am sure for one that I am exceedingly grateful to the gentleman who has just addressed us, for showing us a living witness, in his own person, of the immeasurable debt which the North owes to the magnanimous courage of the negro race during this war. It is to be remembered that they owed nothing to the white race. A white face to them was the symbol of an enemy—of an oppressor. The Northern white man had never been their friend. And yet their keen instinct saw the essence of the civil war long before statesmanship discovered it. Yes; when your astute Seward was proclaiming to the world and assuring the Courts of Europe that this civil struggle would end without changing the status of a single human being in the Republic, the negro's instinct laughed him to scorn. He knew that the war could not go on and could not end without changing the status of four millions of human beings. Yet so-called statesmen sit at Washington and debate whether, when you trust to the white man, mistaken in seventy instances out of one hundred, the ballot, it is safe to trust it to the negro who in this storm of civil convulsion never made a mistake. The instinct which discerned the marrow of the question, and set its feet always in the right path, can be trusted with universal suffrage for four or ten years, while the same issues are to be presented to the American people that have engaged their attention through the war. If there were not a single book South of Mason and Dixon's line; if there were not a single teacher there; if the negro race had been left just as it stood in 1860, I should feel infinitely safer to trust the fate of the country to four million such instincts than to four million Sewards. (Applause.)

But I can never think of this question of bestowing universal suffrage upon the negro for the next dozen years, without recollecting that it is no longer an experiment; that old associations, personal attachments, confusion of State and individual interests, may have misled common men, and the masses, but have never misled the negro. In old times we used to say that the fugitive slave when he saw the collarless coat of a Quaker, knew he could trust him. It was the rare credit of the sect. But the escaped prisoner from Andersonville or the Libby prison was almost as sure when he saw a black face that he could trust it as a pilot to the North star.

Cuvier said, borrowing the idea from St. Hillaire, that the whole bony structure of the body of every animal grew from the idea of a single bone. Grant him that, and he could prophecy the whole bony structure. That is what universal suffrage is in politics—the primal bone. Give me that granted to the masses, and it is the guaranty of education, of thrift, of prosperity, of peace, of national progress. There never has been a community where universal suffrage prevailed that has been the victim of a civil war, or anything more than local mobs. England trembled; and the Duke of Wellington ordered the swords of the Scotch Greys to be rough-ground when 400,000 discontented and disfranchised mechanics met at Birmingham. France has trembled half-a-dozen times within as many decades. But these Northern States, based on universal suffrage, have been as permanent and as unchangeable as the great pyramid on its base. You cannot disturb them. Universal suffrage says to the masses, if you have any cause of complaint, utter it; if you have any measure to carry, vote it. The machine moves on in harmonious action, every cog in its place, every wheel performing its function. That is liberty. That is manhood. That is the action of brains.

When the English laborer wants to change his wages, or a law, what is his remedy? He puts a stone in the cogwheel of society. He strikes. He stops the civil machine. He jeopards capital. He bankrupts the millowner. He says to society, I am a terror; take warning. He bullies his rights out of aghast aristocracy and frightened capital. It is the only remedy he has. The South is building the same structure. Memphis is the first chapter of its coming history. A band of disorderly, unreconcilable poor whites begin to visit their crazy wrath upon the hated Yankee, and the city stands aghast. The negro is nobody. He has no ballot, no rights, no status, no position. He can safely be trodden under foot. He has no remedy but the musket. The South is organizing, with the only check for her mistakes in riot, disorder, rebellion. It is the history of the Old World.

When a laborer in Massachusetts wants his rights recognised, he disdains to strike. That is not American. It is getting down upon his knees and acknowledging that he has no remedy but to bully. He says, "No; I am a man; the same as the capitalist; I can speak; I must be heard; I can vote; I must be attended to." His remedy is the orderly operation of the focus of society.

Universal suffrage, when we apply it as the cure for national disorders, means that the South shall hereafter be based upon such a state of affairs that when anything is loose or deranged in the machinery, it can cure itself; that there shall be no possibility of rebellion.

Let us not confine our view too closely to our own epoch. There never was a great people, millions strong, and firmly prejudiced, terribly decided, who gave up a pet purpose in consequence of a single failure. The Cavaliers roused all England three times, and went to the block for the Stuarts. The St. Germain element of the old aristocracy has not yet died out from Bourdeaux; and Napoleon to-day, when he counts up his dangers counts the Red Republican on the one hand and the Fourth Henry on the other. The South is not converted. She is overslaughed by numbers. She is smothered by force. She is crowded down by strength; but she has not given up her theory. Chancellor Harper said forty years ago, "You blame us in South Carolina because we have not got free schools." We don't want them. They do not belong to us. They are no part of our theory. Would you teach a horse to read? Would you give an ox education? It is just as sensible as to teach a mechanic. We consider labor to be something to be owned, not hired. The educated and wealthy class has the same right over the laboring class as over the animal, to use it for the public advantage." That is the germ of the Southern idea of civilization. They believe in it to-day. Alexander H. Stephens proclaims it to the Reconstruction Committee, before whom he ought never to have been permitted to stand. (Applause.)

Stop a moment. Open the doors of that Reconstruction Committee, and what scene do you see? These gentlemen representing the loyalty of the North, summon before them one Robert E. Lee, and put him under oath. Put Robert Lee under oath? Why, it is blasphemy. Was he not steeped to the lips in oaths to support the flag, and yet did he not stay just long enough to learn the last secrets of Lieut.-Gen. Scott, and then carry them to the enemy? Put him under oath? They stultify themselves, and degrade the oath. It is like giving the sacrament to a dog. (Applause.) Then they parade his testimony before the North as if the opinion of a perjured traitor could be relied upon. Shall a Committee sitting upon penal legislation, empty the prisons to learn the opinions of murderers? What stigma do you set on treason? The apostle of Brooklyn says he is a "Christian gentleman." Suppose ten years hence there is another outbreak, and some West Point graduate upon the staff of Gen. Grant shall stay just long enough in our camps to learn the last plan of the General, and then spring into the saddle to carry it to the enemy. As he looks back to headquarters, he will say to himself, "If I succeed, I am a great man; and if I fail some northern apostle will tell me I am a Christian gentleman, and some Reconstruction Committee will summon me to learn my opinions." That is the stigma we set on treason.

But I was speaking of the Southern theory of civilization. The South has not surrendered it. She believes in it, and only struggles to attain it. Withdraw the troops, and she will throw our Bureau, and our teachers, out of her limits. She will neither allow a Yankee schoolmaster nor a Federal officer to dictate between her and her subjects. South Carolina says to her 400,000 black men, "If you make a contract,—if you are made to make a contract, and do not fulfil it, the master may whip you into submission without responsibility to any one. She comes back with that statute book in her hand, and offers that to the Union as her idea of a fitting civilization. Suppose we withdraw the United States forces, and leave to the initial inspiration of the Administration at Washington the execution of the Civil Rights bill; for statutes as Burke, and Canning, and Brougham, have successively warned us, are nothing, without an executive principle inside. The Civil Rights bill is passed over the President's veto; but the President is to execute it; and what does he believe? Does he believe that the negro is a man? He told the colored men before him, "We are trying a great experiment, whether the black race and the white race can live together upon this continent;" and he intimated that he did not think it would succeed, and added, "If it does not succeed we will provide you the very best place we can, as a place of refuge." South Carolina has 270,000 white men, and 370,000 black men. Suppose they cannot live together; why, upon Democratic principles should not the 370,000 blacks say to the 270,000 whites, "Where do you propose to go?" (Applause.) If President Johnson believed that the negro was a man, in the same sense that the white man is a man, it would be for the minority, the white man, in Louisiana, Alabama, and South Carolina, to seek for a place of refuge the best place they could find. But every intimation in the President's speech betrays his deep rooted conviction that before the white man the black has no rights that can stand for a moment. His idea, and the idea of the dominant administration is that the black man has privileges, but has no rights—privileges such as the white man grants him, but nothing more.

This battle is now betwixt a body of men, Congress, and one man, the President. I quite agree with my friend Mr. Hepworth, that if this experiment fails, it is we who are ultimately the sinners. One man can neither make us just nor unjust. Still it is true that if Andrew Johnson had done his duty, if he had stood where the country supposed he would stand when they placed him in power, if he had been at the head of the loyal masses in May, June, and July, of last Summer, this question would have been settled at once by the civilization of the North kissing the Gulf, by the aid of impartial manhood as the basis of national institutions covering the whole surface of the nation. But he has endeavored to provide for himself a special place in the future of the nation, and the battle is between him and Congress. I think that, as a general rule, a body weakens and a man strengthens in such a struggle as is going on at Washington. In an ordinary epoch, Congress would go by the board. If these times were to be tested by the ordinary maxims of government, there would be no hope. The President would certainly conquer. But we need not predicate upon such a basis.

Salmon P. Chase dreamed a dream once, and put the whole capital of the country into a tub without a bottom, and labelled it the "National Bank system;" and to-day every capitalist trembles when he remembers that upon the question of the acknowledgment of the black man hangs the future safety of his funded capital. My faith is not solely in the intelligent purpose and moral convictions of the North, although I believe in both; but my faith and hope rest also in the facts that the capitalist of the country knows that injustice, in the language of John Stuart Mill, in a crisis like ours, means not only infamy but national bankruptcy. I know a man in your city who said to a member of Congress within thirty days, "Give me the earliest possible notice of the possibility of those ninety men entering your halls; for the moment you flash me that message over the lines, I will sell half a million, in 7:30's, if I sell them at 70 cents on the dollar." He is not alone. There are many men like him who look upon the horoscope of the future, and know that this is no negro question, but a question that has wrapped up in it the financial security of the country. When men go into Union meetings, into Republican caucuses, or into Congressional halls, they can compromise; but when they go down into State street, or into Wall street, though their common sense may not be even cousin german to Henry Ward Beecher's magnanimity, when they go down where the pocket nerve operates with terrible sensibility, where a man never trusts an investment without a reasonable certainty that it will come back again, there, everything which affects the national safety and the national danger, assumes immense importance. Two years ago, four years ago, ten years ago, we met, "anti-slavery fanatics," under this roof and under other roofs in this city, and we made our appeals to the hearts and minds of men; but we had no background but the invisible right. To-day Wall street is holding us up. (Applause.) To-day every Northern capitalist, whether he knows it or not, is present, an invisible, and perhaps an unwilling and unconscious, but a real member of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

I was lecturing a month ago in a small manufacturing town in New England. There came up to me after my speech, a clever-looking man, 60 or 70 years old. I had made remarks something like those I have made to-night. He took my hand with great cordiality, and said, "That is gospel truth. I never knew how close the bight of this question was until within thirty days, and I believe we never felt such a storm as beats upon us to-day." When he was gone, I turned to the Secretary of the Society, and said, "Who is that old gentleman?" Said he, "The largest tax-payer in town, and the worst Copperhead until within ninety days."

There is another hope. Some men say, and with great truth certainly, that the Abolitionists did a great deal towards making the nation an anti-slavery body. But John C. Calhoun did more. Massachusetts has been an active State; but South Carolina outran her in the anti-slavery career. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad;" and they began at the other end of the Union. New Orleans, Charleston, and Savannah—they were the madmen that made the anti-slavery cause successful. The North got very low; but it could not get low enough to satisfy the measureless pride of its Southern master. Even Seward could not compromise sufficiently to keep Jefferson Davis in the Senate. A story is told of their last interview under that roof; that your Senator said to the retreating Mississippian, "Sir, you will succumb; stay here." "I shall never succumb," said Davis. "Then we shall," said the New Yorker. "Very possible." "Well," said Mr. Seward, "in either case, I will keep your seat well dusted until you come back to it." But it did not propitiate; it did not conciliate; nothing that could be surrendered was enough. The Peace Conference of 1861 could not yield enough. In fact, the South said, "Give us a blank sheet of paper, and we will not take it." The South to-day says to Congress, You have not got low enough; we do not accept your terms. The time was when Grant dictated terms to Lee. Now they have changed places; and South Carolina states terms to Massachusetts. What should we have thought of it in 1865, if Ulysses had said to Robert, "Come, now, tell me what terms you would like?" Yet Andrew Johnson says to the Republican North, You have no right to settle terms without asking South Carolina's consent. In other words, Grant cannot dictate the terms of surrender. Lee must himself have a voice in dictating; just as if we had had no war.

Somebody hissed just now when I alluded to our eloquent, and able, and devoted, and generous-hearted minister of Brooklyn. The difficulty with him is that his magnanimity swallows up his other powers. The difficulty is that he has no memory. He does not remember that we have been through a war. We have been on a police. We have not had a pic-nic. We have not put on masquerade garments and gone into the field to pick flowers, and then throw off the gala dress to come back to serious life. We have been fighting. Half a million graves have been dug. Three thousand millions of dollars of capital have been spent. There has been war; and what rights does war give?

Two men have farms abutting upon each other. A. says, "My line runs here." "No," says B., "it runs there." They dispute for two years, and then they send for Brady and O'Connor. They lay down $10,000 and go before the court, and after a long trial the jury brings in the verdict, and the Court records it, that A. is right. What is the next step? Is it not to send for a surveyor to take the verdict and run the line? Is not that common sense? No, says Andrew Johnson, that is not common sense. No, says your eloquent neighbor, that is not common sense. When the verdict is recorded, when the lawyers are paid, when the Court adjourns, then A. is to say to B., "Now, let us sit down together and see where the line runs." Then what was the use for the lawsuit? What possible excuse could O'Conor—what possible excuse could Brady, give for existing? If, after the question is argued, the verdict is rendered, and the Court adjourned, you are then where you were when you commenced, then Courts are a nuisance, and lawyers are an intolerable burden and ought to be abolished.

So war gives rights. We went to war to settle which should have the right to dictate. If we had been whipped, South Carolina would have dictated terms in your City Hall. When she went under, you dictated terms in the streets of Charleston. She provoked the alternative. It seems to me that all our debates are forgetting what we have passed through, the terrible burden we have undergone. One would suppose we had cut the epoch short with a date. Human affairs are not cut short; they flow on in continuous action. The epoch is not ended; the war is not over; the rebellion is not closed; the North has not surrendered her right to dictate. Her camps are not yet broken up. The drumbeat is still heard. Resistance has not in fact ceased. The nation is not safe.

It is the duty of the American Anti-Slavery Society to make the nation feel that there is new life in its veins; that the war has vindicated the theory of nationality; that we are not a congeries of States; that we are actually one people. That our rights and our duties extend to South Carolina, and hers to us. That Congress, by the very necessity of the struggle, has obtained the right to reach its hand forth to the utmost verge of the Republic, and then to create a policy and enforce it. But the President does not look upon the South as a conquered territory. In the objectionable meaning of the words I will not look upon it as such; but so far as the idea of civilization is concerned, so far as its civil policy goes, so far as the principle is concerned which Chancellor Harper described in the quotation I have just made, the South is a conquered section. Its idea is conquered. It was a fight betwixt democratic impartial manhood and the government of classes; and the democratic principle conquered, and has a right to dictate; not to dictate in the sense in which England would dictate in the conquered territory of Denmark if she dared, or as Prussia would dictate in Holstein; but in the sense that when a civil war has been waged for an idea, and when in the conflict one of the two opposing ideas has vanquished the other, that idea has a right to dictate relating to the issues involved in the struggle. We have conquered, not the geographical South but the ideal South; its thumb-screws and slavery, its no-schools, its white men born, booted and spurred, and its black men born saddled and bridled for them to ride; the South which imprisons teachers, which denies Bibles, which raises up half its population in concubinage and ignorance, which denies the right of marriage between men and women—that South we have conquered, and we have a right to trample it under the heels of our boots (applause). That is the meaning of the war. Whenever a question relating to such issues comes before Congress, its power over it is the war power, omnipotent until the end is secured.

I think the message which such a body as this should send to Congress, is to say "Amen" to such a man as Ingersoll, for instance, who, when the President last week undertook to undermine him in his own district, made a speech which, so far as my knowledge goes, no member of Congress has made before under that roof, which could not have been made anywhere but on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which was made without any regard to the Republican party; but was the total emptying out of the man's convictions in the plainest Saxon he could use. It is only now and then a party man in Congress reaches that absolute forgetfulness of party as to rise into full manhood. Ben. Wade has it; Thaddeus Stevens has it; and Ingersoll, of Illinois, got it; but I do not know any other member in either House that has it. It is wanted. Such meetings as this should be multiplied all over the country. We have been six weeks trying to get the Republicans of Boston to enter Faneuil Hall—but have not y

this late hour, and after such speeches as those to which we have listened. Still I am desirous of saying one word in connection with the speech of our friend, Mr. Hepworth, of Boston, touching a point which I am apprehensive may be misunderstood. Our friend gave as a reason for placing the ballot in the hands of the black man in this country, the protection of the white citizens of the country. I do not understand this to be a correct version of that matter. I desire the universal exercise of the franchise in this country; and I ask it, I claim it, I demand it for the colored man, as his right. If in exercising that right according to his own judgment and option, it shall prove a benefit to his white fellow-countrymen, be it so. But do not give him the ballot for the exclusive benefit of the white man. Give it to him not as a black man, but as a man.

One word touching the "Moses" of this race. I am sick and tired of the repetition of that name in connection with the very small man that occupies the Presidental chair at Washington. Very soon after the speech made at Nashville, where he expressed these friendly feelings towards the colored people, where he first announced himself as the "Moses," such was the instinctive feeling of gratitude on the part of those poor black men and women, that they went to work and raised the sum of $300 and purchased a gold watch, which they presented to him; and he wears it as a timekeeper in his pocket to-night.

The Society adjourned.

Business Meeting.

The Business Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held in the lecture room of Dr. Cheever's church. Wendell Phillips presided. He announced that the meeting was open for business, and that the chief business of the meeting was to take action on the resolutions and appoint committees and officers of the Society.

CALVIN PEPPER, of Norfolk, Va., advocated the necessity of a new Anti-Slavery party. He said that legally the negroes of Virginia are entitled to vote and to testify in the courts. He denounced the Freedman's Bureau as the curse of the South, used for private speculation and to sell the labor of the negro and speculate upon it. He said the Bureau was disastrous, tyrannical and mischievous in its effects.

Mr. PRINCE thought the gentleman out of order. Gen. Fisk he considered as doing his duty as well as Gen. Howard.

EDWARD M. DAVIS moved that each speaker be restricted to ten minutes.

The following committees were appointed by the Chairman:

Nominating Committee—Edward M. Davis, of Pennsylvania; Lydia Mott, of New York; Stephen S. Foster, of Massachusetts; Mary Grew, of Pennsylvania; Susan B. Anthony, of New York.

Business Committee—Rev. J. T. Sargent, of Massachusetts; Lucretia Mott, of Pennsylvania; Abbey Smith, of Connecticut; Robert Purvis, of Pennsylvania; Sallie Holley, Parker Pillsbury, Martha C. Wright.

Finance Committee—E. M. Davis, S. B. Anthony, Sarah Hallock.

The PRESIDENT then read the resolutions, and the first five were adopted without dissent. The sixth, and one or two others elicited considerable discussion, and were amended. We reprint the series as amended and adopted, with an additional resolution offered by Aaron M. Powell in relation to an amendment of the New York State Constitution, and unanimously adopted.

Among those who participated in the discussions of the session were Charles Lenox Remond, Stephen S. Foster, Edward M. Davis, Parker Pillsbury, Mary Grew, Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, George W. Smalley, Abby Kelley Foster, Theodore Tilton, Mr. Prince, of Connecticut; Wendell Phillips, James Mott, Aaron M. Powell, and others.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That, considering what the nation owes the negro, what it has promised him, and remembering the lesson of the war, it is evident there is no course for us to tread, either safe, just, or honorable, except to guarantee to him at once every political right enjoyed by any citizen in the same circumstances. Every other path is alike deathly and infamous.

Resolved, That the present condition of the negro is one of nominal freedom, but of suffering almost equal with that he endured under the yoke; of entire dependence on the white race for every privilege, and the recognition of every right—that no mere enactment of Congress can alter this, unless it makes him in every respect the absolute equal of the white man before the law.

Resolved, That the Southern States may see the history and future of the policy they are initiating, in the glass of Jamaica, and find that every attempt to cheat the emancipated negro out of substantial freedom, incurs bankruptcy, wrecks prosperity, and ends in blood.

Resolved, That the rebellion has not ceased, it has only changed its weapons: once it fought, now it intrigues; once it followed Lee in arms, now it follows President Johnson in guile and chicanery; once it had its headquarters in Richmond, now it encamps in the White House.

Resolved, That the President has betrayed the loyal North; is bent on giving it over, bound hand and foot, into the hands of its once conquered foe; that he should long ago have been impeached for gross usurpation, for his manifest use of his high powers to aid rebellion, and for the treasonable purpose of defeating the secure and peaceful settlement of the nation.

Resolved, That while the cordial thanks of the nation, especially of the Abolitionists, are due to the clear-sighted and devoted courage of Congress, for its check and rebuke to treason, by passing the Civil Rights bill, over the veto of the Southern leader, still we feel bound to declare our indignant disapprobation of the utterly inadequate Report and grossly unjust plan of the Reconstruction Committee; and of the failure of Congress to give and guarantee to the negro everywhere the right of suffrage.

Resolved, That we demand of Congress, as clearly within its constitutional authority, to secure by appropriate legislation, his political rights, especially the right of suffrage, to every citizen of the United States; to assert as a principle of national law definitively settled by the defeat of the rebellion in the field, that no State is *Republican* in a constitutional and national sense which makes any distinction in civil or political rights among its citizens on account of race or descent; and thirdly, to call on the loyal citizens of each of the lately rebellious States to assemble, by delegates, in Convention in such State, and form for it a State Constitution and take measures to regain its place in Congress, by choice of Senators and Representatives.

The eighth resolution was amended as follows:

Resolved, That if ever a compromise of great principles could have had some plausible defense; to-day, and in this crisis, whoever proposes to settle any national issue on any basis but that of absolute right, mistakes his time, has failed to learn the lesson of the war, postpones justice, weakens liberty, jeopards nationality, and is a worse traitor—because a more dangerous one—than any armed rebel has been for the last four years. Better defeat on a true basis, than success on a compromise of rights. Better that the rebels should take possession of the government in 1868, than thwart the course of events and surrender the fruits of victory by agreeing to any compromise which accepts peace on terms unjust to any race, interest, or section.

Resolved, That when Representatives and Senators forgot the last four years and imitated the truckling politicians of our disgraceful eras, by admitting the white aristocracy of Colorado as a Republican State into this Union—they stultified themselves, betrayed the North, and gave the Traitor of the White House and the rebels of the South an unanswerable argument against all their hollow advocacy of justice and freedom.

Resolved, That we urgently call upon the people of the State of New York to improve the favorable opportunity offered by the approaching Constitutional Convention for the revision of the State Constitution, to secure the repeal of the word "white" and the property qualification for colored voters, as an unjust and odious class distinction, proscriptive and unchristian, and a formidable obstacle to the progress of national reconstruction upon a just and true basis.

The Nominating Committee reported the following officers for re-election by the Society:

President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Vice-Presidents.

GERRIT SMITH, New York.
GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., New York.
JAMES MOTT, Pennsylvania.
MARY GREW, Pennsylvania.
JOHN G. WHITTIER, Massachusetts.
BENJAMIN SNOW, Jr., Massachusetts.
PETER LIBBEY, Maine.
NATHANIEL WHITE, New Hampshire.
ELIZABETH B. CHASE, Rhode Island.
ABBY SMITH, Connecticut.
LUCY STONE, New Jersey.
THOMAS GARRETT, Delaware.
MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Ohio.
WILLIAM HOPKINS, Indiana.
THOMAS CHANDLER, Michigan.
CAROLINE L. MORGAN, Wisconsin.
ALONZO J. GROVER, Illinois.
REV. CALEB GREEN, Minnesota.
LOT HOLMES, Iowa.
Dr. J. N. HAWKS, South Carolina.
N. C. DENNETT, Florida.

Corresponding Secretary.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

Recording Secretary.

AARON M. POWELL.

Treasurer.

WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

Executive Committee.

WENDELL PHILLIPS,
SUSAN B. ANTHONY,
JOHN T. SARGENT,
RICHARD P. HALLOWELL,
SARAH J. NOWELL,
CAROLINE R. PUTNAM,
GEORGE L. STEARNS,
ABBY K. FOSTER,
E. D. HUDSON,
E. M. DAVIS,
ROBERT PURVIS,
A. M. POWELL,
CHARLES L. REASON.

The following letters, in addition to those printed last week were received and read:

LETTER FROM HON GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO', May 1, 1866.

WENDELL PHILLIPS—*My Dear Friend:* Owing to a bad sprain, I have to write you by the hand of another. Please put the enclosed draft for $100 into the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Another Annual Meeting of this Society is at hand. I read the discussion which took place at its last Annual Meeting, on the subject of dissolving it. There was great force in the arguments on both sides. The prospect that the Anti-Slavery Amendment to the Constitution would be speedily adopted, was a strong argument for dissolving the Society. Another strong one was the prospect that a large share of its members, including our honored and beloved leader, would withdraw from it. Nevertheless, I am glad that it was decided to continue the existence of the Society: for if, on the one hand, there is an apparent incongruity in keeping up an Anti-Slavery Society after slavery is abolished in the letter of the law, there is, on the other hand, entire propriety in keeping up such a society as long as the spirit of caste is able to color and control legislation. For such a spirit, with such power, will not fail to generate substantial, if not, indeed, literal slavery. When our laws are purged of their caste spirit, then, and not till then, will it be time to dissolve the American Anti-Slavery Society. When all the races of men in this land shall have equal civil and political rights, then, but not till then, let there be no Anti-Slavery Society in the land. By the way, that American Slavery is abolished, even in the letter of the law, is perhaps quite too great an admission.

How corrupted and cowed is the North by this caste spirit! The right of the conqueror to prescribe the terms on which the war shall end is absolute; and from his assertion of it, which should ever be decided and bold, there lies no appeal. It is a right in reason and nature, entirely outside of and far beyond all written law. Nevertheless, the North is tamely and timidly inquiring what the Constitution will let it do in the case; is basing "Reconstruction, itself on the uncertain readings of that paper, and is good-naturedly hearing Alexander H. Stephens and other rebels tell the "Reconstruction Committee" what rebel States will and what they will not "consent to!" Just as well might the judge, instead of pronouncing sentence on the convict, ask him what is his pleasure in the premises, and how he would dispose of the court.

Surely, the Constitution has nothing to do with any of the present questions between the North and the South. When their relation of conqueror and conquered shall have passed away, and they shall be again States of equal rights under the Constitution, then, but not till then, will it be proper for their mutual relations to be controlled or in any wise affected by the Constitution, alas, how much time, both in and out of Congress, has been wasted in arguing the question whether since the "Ordinances of Secession" were void *ab initio* the Rebel States have not ever been in the Union and ever entitled to rights under the Constitution! As yet, however, but two questions regarding those States are in order. First, did they make war upon us? Second, did we conquer them? These questions answered in the affirmative, and we are at liberty to do whatever we will with those States, any of the numberless theories of their relations to the Constitution and Union notwithstanding. To say that our rights as a conqueror are the less in this case because of the close political relation in which the conquered stood to us, is to say nonsense. Such relation but aggravates the crime of the conquered and emphasizes the rights of the conqueror.

It is confidently expected that the promises in the "Civil Right's law" to the African race will be realized. Vain expectation! This boasted law is itself a concession to the spirit of caste. It is a mockery of rights. It is a substitute for justice. That these promises will not be fulfilled is manifest in the fact that no race can be protected unless left in circumstances to protect itself; and in the further fact that they, who promise to protect it, will not, if prejudiced against it, do so much as honestly and earnestly try to protect it. But the African race, if denied the ballot, will be denied self-protection: and that we are still intensely prejudiced against this race, and will therefore not carry out faithfully the "Civil Rights law," is abundantly evident, if only from the fact that this law, instead of conceding the ballot to this race, implies that it shall be withheld from it. But very far from being satisfied with the law should we be, even if it did concede the ballot to the black man. For the law, which clearly would not be less constitutional than it is now, may yet be declared unconstitutional. Moreover, the Democratic party may soon get into power and repeal it. For the Republican party, having dishonored its principles and been unfaithful to its obligations, has neither commanded the respect, nor contributed to the conversion of the Democratic party. The ballot in the hands of our black saviors should be the very first and the most unyielding of all the conditions of Peace. Once in their hands, it can never be withdrawn. Once in their hands, and we need not care what becomes of the "Civil Right's law." The black man then is safe—and through this justice to him the nation also is safe.

Terribly, indeed, has our country suffered from her indulgence of this spirit of caste—from her indulgence of this pride of race on the one hand and this contempt of race on the other. Hence came slavery, the proximate cause of the war. But our country has not yet suffered enough to cure her of the insane and God-defying purpose to make her "the white man's country." She has not yet suffered enough to bring her to recognize the equal rights of all the races of men. She cannot yet see manhood under every complexion. Even though the school she has just been in was one of exceedingly sharp affliction, she nevertheless remains a dull scholar. A still sharper one, including but too probably a war of races, may be necessary to convince her that her "damnation slumbereth not," and that avenging Justice is still on the throne.

Deny it if we will—conceal it from ourselves if we can—the truth nevertheless remains, that we shall probably go on to complete as guilty and base a record, as ever stamped a nation with utter and unending infamy. 1st. During her whole existence this nation, all the while professing Democracy and Christianity, has been a merciless oppressor. 2d. When the slaveholders fell upon the nation to destroy it, their slaves came to her side and saved her. 3d. Instead of punishing the slaveholders, we arm them with the ballot, and instead of rewarding the slaves, we withhold from them the ballot, and put them again under the feet of the slaveholders. Our only enemies in the hour of our great peril we now treat as friends; our only allies in that hour we now treat as enemies. 4th. Stone-blind must he be who, in the light of these facts, cannot read the doom of this nation. I have in my house Rogers's picture in clay of our wounded scout in the stalwart arms of a pitying negro. I cannot gaze upon it without allowing to my emotional nature more play than it is wise to allow it. The picture is too suggestive for my weakened nerves. It overwhelms me with a sense of the rich love and magnanimous forgiveness of the negro's heart, and of the measureless injustice and base ingratitude of the white man's.

With great regard, your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

LETTER FROM DR. NIEDHARD.

PHILADELPHIA, May 5, 1866.

DEAR FRIEND: The American Anti-Slavery Society needs now, more than ever, to be upheld by the friends of humanity, for the hosts of evil are in the ascendant.

Slavery is, it is true, abolished; but it still exists in the hearts of the Southern and many Northern people.

My professional engagements will prevent me from being present at your meeting; but you have my warmest sympathies. Receive the enclosed small donation.

Very truly, yours, C. NEIDHARD.

EDWARD M. DAVIS.

ALFRED H. LOVE, of Philadelphia, forwarded the following message;

Seeing so clearly the hypocrisy of Presidents, Cabinets, Congresses and communities over the cause of justice and humanity, I want to create a nucleus about which *all* can rally. "Anti-Slavery" does not comprehend our emergency. The two most potential words in the Declaration of Independence do: *Equal* and *Rights*. I therefore propose we change our name to the "*American Equal Rights Association*." For which—name or no name—count me a friend and worker. ALFRED H. LOVE.

The Finance Committee reported the aggregate collections—Cash, $377.74; Pledges, $760.00.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, President.

AARON M. POWELL, Secretary.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1866.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE annual NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Boston at the MELODEON on Wednesday, May 30th, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

Among the speakers engaged to attend are WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES LENOX REMOND, Rev. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, THEODORE TILTON and PARKER PILLSBURY.

The great interests involved in the present political crisis call for a full attendance and full expression of opinions from all the friends of human rights and reform on this occasion. By order of the managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

JOHN T. SARGENT, Pres.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, Rec. Sec.

AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

THERE will be a meeting of the American Equal Rights Association on Thursday, the 31st inst., at ten o'clock in the morning, in the Melodeon in Boston.

This Association is an outgrowth, or wider development, of the National Woman's Rights Society, into which that body resolved itself at its recent Annual Meeting in New York, electing Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT President, Mrs. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, ROBERT PURVIS, THEODORE TILTON, and others, Vice-Presidents, and SUSAN B. ANTHONY Secretary.

Its object now is, "to secure Equal Rights to all persons, especially the Right of Suffrage; irrespective of race, color or sex."

LUCRETIA MOTT, President.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Secretary.

Parker Pillsbury returns to his home in Concord this week, his editorial connection with THE STANDARD having terminated. Letters should hereafter be addressed to him accordingly.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

WE are favored with the following extracts from a letter, by Miss Holley, written to a friend:

On Friday we came from Elmira by a night ride on the cars, with Mrs. Stowe and Catharine Beecher. The pictures of Mrs. Stowe do not do her justice. She looks like a victorious saint, full of goodness and kindness. They had been on a visit to their brother, T. K. B., in Elmira, and were going to see Henry, in Brooklyn.

Anniversary week has been one of unalloyed delightful weather. The gentle influences of Spring were shed in little refreshing showers by night, and genial tempered sunshine by day. All who bent their steps on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday to Dr. Cheever's church, must have enjoyed the grassy green of Union Square, golden-starred with cheerful dandelions. The great interest of the week to me is the anniversary meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and I am sure the Church of the Puritans never heard higher and braver Christian testimonies than on last Tuesday. Thursday was the Woman's Rights Convention, and what testimonies were given there to the unspealcable worth of the human soul, to the power of duty, to the grand labor that *all* true souls must join in to redeem society from drunkenness and from vice, from false customs that separate woman from working for the public good. It was especially splendid to see how Henry Ward Beecher had advanced since fifteen years ago, he declared in his Lyceum lecture, in Worcester, he wouldn't be happy to have his wife or his sister speak in public. Now he is proud and happy to stand on a platform of woman speakers, and declare it is not only woman's *right*, but her solemn *duty* to vote. He wants to take his wife on one arm and his daughter on the other, and walk with them to the polls. He described the fearful scene of debased men drunken and profane, surging at the polls on election day, who at the approach of modest woman, would part like the waves of the sea, for her to pass and deposit her vote.

Wendell Phillips moved our souls to deepest gratitude by an earnest rebuke of woman's indolence and selfishness in not grandly engaging in causes of human welfare. What thrilling, noble joy it was to hear this summons to moral responsibility from one ever so divinely loyal to its imperious demands himself. There could have been no truer test of his faith in the equal dignity of man and woman.

It was cheering both to faith and sight to look on the company grouped on the American Anti-Slavery Society platform on Tuesday—Wendell Phillips in the chair. The venerable James Mott, and Lucretia Mott, "that beautiful example of womanhood," as Dr. Channing loved to call her, Mary Grew, Robert Purvis, Charles Remond, John T. Sargent, A. K. Foster, and Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

How the eternal kingdom of truth and principle has been incarnated in these lives! No one with a living conscience could listen to the faithful, pointed rebuke of all that is base and treasonable to the interests of humanity, or selfish, timid and compromising, whether in Andrew Johnson or Henry Wilson (for voting the admission of Colorado with a white aristocracy), without feeling that the *truth* does judge the world and that they who have the truth *must* tell it at whatever cost of feeling or personal sacrifice.

A daughter of William Goodell told me, that she heard last Winter, in Cooper Institute a sermon by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, entitled "The Devout Life." The model described was such a clear and beautiful portrait of Mr. Phillips, though his name was not mentioned that everybody recognized it directly. Mr. Frothingham's speech on Tuesday morning was profound, clear, and very brave—as of one ready to follow truth whithersoever she leadeth. He believes the American Anti-Slavery Society has its hardest work yet to do—to meet slavery as a social system and trample it under foot.

Frederick Douglass once said, "I sometimes forget the color of my skin and remember I am a man. I sometimes forget I am hated of men and remember I am loved of God." And Tuesday evening when the hisses came thick and fast, it seemed to me we had reason yet to sing,

"I am an Abolitionist,
I glory in the name,
Tho' now by slavery's minions hissed
And covered o'er with shame."

At the close of Rev. Mr. Hepworth's eloquent speech, a soldier came forward and said he felt it his duty to witness to the tender kindness black men showed him when escaping from Columbia prison. They took him in, ready to perish with cold, hunger and fatigue, and gave him food, shelter and warmth—always the best they had—and guided him in safety through all the perils of his terrible flight. And he knew he owed his life and liberty to black men—who ought to have all justice and every right and privilege that any white man has in this country.

Our meeting had such fulness and freshness of life and interest—the great themes were so commanding and ennobling that, as Lucretia Mott remarked, "no individual was missed."

No speech touched a finer, more tenderly religious chord than Mary Grew's. She said in reply to the objection that our "work was done, and we did not know it:" *We* who have worked in prayers and tears for thirty years, and given praises and thanks to our God for every help as we have reared this temple of liberty—we not know what has been done! No one knows so well as we, and none can judge more truly what remains to do to complete the noble structure.

SALLIE HOLLEY.

GEORGIA LOYALTY AND MAGNANIMITY.

EXTRACT of a letter from a young man of this State to his mother, dated Augusta, Ga., April 30, 1866:

"We have had a case in this town for the Reconstruction Committee to consider, Abolitionists to be eloquent upon, and for the Civil Rights bill to decide. One day last week the ladies of Augusta requested business men to close their stores and accompany them to the Cemetery, for the purpose of adorning the graves of rebel soldiers ('those martyrs to liberty's cause!') with flowers and wreaths. The request was sufficient, and Augusta went in a body to the grounds and satisfied themselves, I presume on the justness of their cause in the war. My sympathies did not lead me to the place—so I did not go. The day following, the 'Colored Ladies,' by an arrangement among themselves, formed in line on Green street, armed with flowers and headed by ex-Capt. Bryant (white), the Freedmen's god. They then marched to the Cemetery for the purpose of decorating the graves of *Union* soldiers buried there. In the meantime the Mayor heard of what was transpiring, and ordered a large police force at once to the grounds. The dark crowd arrived at the gates and were about to enter, but said policemen were put there to keep them out. Capt. Bryant was informed he might go in if he wished—but his crowd could not. The Captain was a white man, and that was a white man's cemetery. Finding arguments of no avail, they turned about and dispersed homewards. The question is whether the desire to keep the blacks out of a white man's grave-yard was the paramount idea, or was it the thought of having the graves of *Union* men adorned, that was so odious. The latter is the more plausible, and the way the negroes look at it—for they claim had their intention been to show respect to dead rebels, they would have been too glad to open wide their gates for the purpose. Whether the authorities had the right to keep them out or not, the affair looks very bad. I should contend that New York might as well attempt to deny a black man access to the Central Park, now the Civil Rights bill is passed. The negroes would have gone in notwithstanding the police, had Capt. Bryant said the word, which they wished him to; but he wisely discouraged the idea. It would seem that there is feeling under a black skin. Trouble is likely to grow out of the affair; for to-day some one caned the Captain in the street, and then ran. But the black men, who saw the affair, put after him and brought him to safe quarters in the City Hall. The action of the Mayor is very generally approved, and the citizens rub their hands and exult that for once they got the best of the Freedmen's Bureau. 'It was a good thing,' said a man, telling me of the affair—'served them right; they have no business there.' I did not reply, but turned the subject. The papers are desirous to explain that they were not admitted from the reason of their color, and no other; and they at the same time say that the reason will be given in many places, that the *object* of the visit, was the cause of keeping them out. One paper, to show that it was not so, cordially invites all the friends of Union soldiers to decorate their graves, and adds that they will be *allowed* to do so. For my part, I think that color and object together, equally divided, were the reason for the Mayor's action."

THE MEMPHIS RIOTS.

WE quite agree with the Chicago *Tribune* as below in the extent and signification of the terrible riot in Memphis. What is to hinder similar scenes all over the rebel States, God only knows. No present action of government or people will do it. We sleep securely, but on a surging volcano.

Since the New York riot of July, 1863, nothing so dastardly, cruel and infamous as the Memphis riot has occurred in the United States. The Memphis riot commenced with an assault on a negro-driver of an express wagon, and extended until some hundreds of colored people were murdered or wounded, and a general destruction by fire of their dwellings, school-houses and churches was effected. Lest there may be any question or quibbling as to the origin of the riot, which continued for three days and nights, and as to which side was to blame for commencing it, we copy the following account of the affair, as stated by the Memphis reporter of the Chicago *Times*. It will be seen that this Copperhead authority does not attempt to roll the blame on the poor maltreated and sorely persecuted blacks of Memphis:

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 3.

The excitement over, the riots of the past two days has subsided some to-day. Last night scenes occurred which will be a lasting disgrace to Memphis, but still I am glad to be able to say that the higher classes had not anything to do with it. The origin of the riot, as it appears from an eye witness, a highly respectable gentleman and reliable man, is as follows: On Tuesday, p. m., on South street, a negro expressman collided with a hack driven by a white man. The white man collared the negro for it, *who apologized by saying he could not help it. The hackman continued his abuse, and finally a fight ensued.* A policeman came to help the white man, and negroes to the help of the negro, and thus the riot began. I have taken particular pains to learn the origin.

During the incendiarism last night eight negro churches and school-houses were burned, besides thirty-five negro tenements. One negro woman was roasted alive.

This evening about seven o'clock, as a number of drunken men were returning through Chelsea, from a picnic, they became mixed in a difficulty with some negroes, killing two and severely wounding one. An old negro woman was also badly beaten.

The city of Memphis is in a deplorable condition. The Mayor of Memphis has been drunk ever since the riot commenced.

The *Times'* reporter says that "the higher classes had nothing to do with it." But what did the higher classes do to quell it? Nothing. This scene of murder and arson continued night and day for three days without cessation. What did the city do to stop it? Nothing. What did Gen. Stoneman do? Nothing but send a dish-water letter to the Mayor and Aldermen.

[A special correspondent af the Chicago *Tribune* gives the following, date Memphis, May 3d:]

It was in every respect, in the beginning, a policeman's riot, though it cannot be denied that these ignorant and depraved cut throats were ably and "heroically" sustained in their work of murder, by the "first families of Memphis." Indeed quite a rivalry has sprung up between the police and the "old citizens" as to the most "niggers" killed, the latter claiming to have slaughtered twenty-four "bucks," while they only allow the "brave police" nineteen victims in all, amongst them, three women and two little children. While these two factions are wrangling for the credit of the occasion, the "brave and efficient firemen" look on with indifference, seeming to be content with the glory of having burned to the ground, all the "nigger" churches and school-houses with a vast number of "nigger tenements."

To prove that this is a white man's riot can be most easily done by the secesh papers themselves, for according to their own statements there must have been sixty or seventy negroes killed or wounded, while the whites lost but three, and not one of these were killed by negroes. I saw Mr. Dennis, one of the whites reported to have been shot by negroes. I saw the assassin when he struck Mr. Dennis with his revolver on the head, and I saw him shoot him twice after he lay senseless on the floor; once through the breast, and once through the head. The assassin and his victim were both ex-rebel soldiers. The assassin was taken to the police station, where he explained that as Mr. Dennis wore blue pantaloons, he thought he was shooting a "Yankee soldier." His excuse was deemed valid, and he was accordingly discharged amid cheers of applause.

It further transpires that this riot on the part of the whites was a long premeditated one. Several days prior to the riot the police and several bands of ruffians with "delegated powers" had been scouring the city and disarming the blacks, not even leaving them so much as a pocket-knife, that they might fall easy victims when the work of murder should begin. It is further known that three of the police, armed to the teeth, repaired to the scene of carnage, which was close to a saloon where some discharged negro soldiers were lounging, and there and then hired a white vagrant boy to "pick a fuss" with a colored boy about ten years of age; this the vagrant succeeded in doing, whereupon the police interfered, firing on the colored boy with their revolvers. This drew a number of the colored soldiers around the police, one of whom begged the policemen not to shoot so small a boy, whereat the police, three in number, opened a deadly fire on the negroes, killing and wounding many, while on every hand, in less than five minutes after the first shot was fired, came forth armed citizens and policemen by the hundred, and after the four negroes who had been first attacked were killed, the white demons rushed on to the negro shanties, firing through the windows, driving out the inmates, and butchering and shooting them on the streets and in the alleys. This is the manner in which the riot was brought on; let the people judge whether it was a black or a white riot.

Among the leaders of this riot none were more conspicuous than Sheriff Winters and Squire Creighton, the latter of whom is said to have killed six with his own hands.

After half an hour's carnage such as I have described, black flags were raised by the rioters, and they were commanded by their leaders to "scour the city in squads," and to "kill every nigger they met with." This last order seemed to be peculiarly palatable to the rioters, and was executed to the letter, and with the zeal of demons. Disgusted and heart-sick I turned my back on South Memphis, hoping I might see no more of these barbarous and truly horrible scenes; but I was doomed to disappointment. I had not reached the centre of the city before I was passed by an armed and mounted mob, most of whom dismounted immediately after passing me. At first I was at a loss to account for their sudden halt, but I soon saw immediately in front of the rioters, crossing the street, an old negro man, bending under the weight of seventy summers of bondage and Caucasian cruelty. The old man had just arrived from the country, and of course dreamed not of danger; conscious of his own innocence, and ignorant of their intentions, he stood before this band of diabolical demons undismayed. He was eating an apple, and continued to do so until one of the ruffians seized him by the collar and threw him violently on the pavement. Then placing his knee on the old man's breast, and brandishing a large knife in his right hand, he quizzed him thus: "Don't you know *you're a damned nigger?*"

The old man feebly answered, "I spec' I is, massa, but I never does injury to no one."

This, so far from touching a chord of sympathy or pity in the hearts of the ruffians, seemed only to fill them with uncontrollable rage. "Kill him, kill him," was the cry from every ruffian. And no sooner said than done. An Irish villain struck the old man in the face with a heavy stick. Another shot him in the abdomen. While the butcher who knelt over his prostrate form deliberately shoved his knife in his mouth, wrenched his jaws asunder, severed his tongue and cut it out by the roots. This was the most hellish act of the rioters except perhaps one, which I did not see. It was related to me, however, by a gentleman who claims to have seen it, and whom I believe to be a man of truth.

He saw a policeman chasing a negro and snapping his pistol, which would not go off. The negro ran into his own shanty and disappeared. The policeman followed close behind him, but failed to find his hiding place. The policeman then seized on a small mulatto girl, whom my informant assures me could not have been more than five years of age; he commanded her to reveal to him the negro's hiding-place, but instead of answering his questions the child broke out into a fit of weeping. This so enraged him that he dragged her by one leg out behind the shanty and deliberately cut her eyes out of their sockets with his pocket knife. The shanty was then fired and the helpless little victim thrown in through the window.

A number of attempts have, and are yet, being made to murder the teachers of colored schools. They are seeking the protection of the military which was withheld from the unoffending and peaceable negroes. An indiscriminate slaughter of Northern men is looked for. Ten thousand fire-arms of various kinds have been furnished to the secesh from the city arsenal. All Union men here join in a hearty execration of Gen. Stoneman.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, April 7th, 1866.

IT seems that the thoroughly cordial intercourse formerly held between Northern and Southern clergymen is gradually getting restored. Conferences held at Washington between representatives of each sect from North and South easily restore the old habit of fraternization. The separation between them sprang almost entirely from material rather than spiritual causes. It was the war, the exigencies of the military situation, the interruption of *all* friendly intercourse between the two sections of the country, that formed the chief barrier between Northern and Southern Baptists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians. Slavery had not divided those sects; there is no reason to suppose that rebellion would have done so, if there had been opportunity still for the clergy North and South to unite in ecclesiastical meetings. For four long years, fraternal intercourse between them was prevented by the force of circumstances. The obstacle being removed, they move freely in the direction in which they tended and desired to move before. Like kindred drops, they mingle into one. As the Northern church formerly welcomed the slaveholder, feeling not the slightest objection to recognize him as a Christian, so now it will readily fraternize with those who are opposing the rights of the freed people. As rebellion in times past was not considered to forfeit the Christian character, so neither will disloyalty now be esteemed to forfeit it. The unity and enlargement of the sect are with these people as paramount to all other considerations as, with Democrats, the unity and enlargement of the Democratic party.

After three or four hearings of the petitioners for a stoppage of the Sunday horse-cars, and of those who maintained, on the other side, that there was no good reason for such interference with the convenience and advantage of the community, the Legislative Committee upon that subject have reported that no further legislation is needful or desirable. Of course, the Metropolitan Company who manage these roads, understand that the pretence of Mr. Field Fowler that Sunday cars diminish instead of increasing their profits is utterly false and absurd, else they would voluntarily make the change that he represented as so desirable. There has been for some time, however, an elaborate attempt to give official character to the representation that Sunday cars are and must be unprofitable, and this pretence no doubt helped to decide the recent action prohibiting them in Philadelphia. So long ago as January 17th, it was reported in the Philadelphia *Press* that, at a meeting of clergymen and laymen held in that city the preceding day to oppose the running of Sunday horse-cars, Rev. Mr. Johnson of the Kensington Presbyterian church said—"I have received positive information from the headquarters of the Metropolitan railway of Boston—one which runs its cars on Sundays—that the running of the cars on that day is a positive loss to the Company financially." If the daily press would do its duty by exposing such falsehoods, or giving free circulation to the exposures of them made by others, it would promote at once the intelligence of the community and its progress in morality and religion. The pretence that Sabbatism belongs to Christianity is a libel upon Christianity, and an obstacle in the way of its diffusion.

The Boston Revival creeps along slowly—very slowly, considering the thousands of persons who have been engaged for several months in laboring for its promotion—but the director, Mr. Earle, stimulates them to constantly increased exertions, and of course an increase of results may be expected as long as such active labors last. He himself is an indefatigable worker, and richly earns whatever he gets from the city-pastors, who seem sensible of the value of his suggestions as to the methods adapted to enlarge their churches. Some of his methods are different from theirs, and will soon be disused after his departure, though now, while he is taking their ship through the straits, they give him the predominance and show him the consideration properly belonging to a successful pilot.

Those of the Boston clergy who projected this revival agreed that a series of tracts, suited to forward it, should be written and published here by members of their combination, to assist the work. Eight of the intended twelve have now appeared, the last being prepared by the famous defender of slavery, Dr. George W. Blagden. It is entitled—"The Duty of a more strict observance of the Sabbath." The author comes, by a series of false assumptions and fallacious reasonings, to the customary conclusion of his sect, that "The Sabbath is now binding on all men, and on every man, to be remembered and kept holy as a commandment of the moral law of God, which shall never pass away;" but he makes the remarkable concession (p. 9.) that "the precise day on which a seventh portion of time shall be hallowed in the special worship of God, and the learning and doing of his will, *is not important.*" It is to be hoped that the members of the Old South Church understand this, in case of the occasional convenience of using Sunday for secular purposes, and "observing" some other day of the week instead of it.

Gen. Butler gave us a lecture the other day—the last of the Fraternity course, though separated from its predecessors by an interval of several weeks—on Reconstruction. A very large audience, filling the spacious Music Hall, attested the public interest alike in the speaker and the subject. Gen. Butler was received, on his entrance, with hearty applause, which was repeated at intervals during the lecture. He thought that the general verdict respecting the action of Congress on Reconstruction, so far, would be that it is lamentably deficient; so much so that one would naturally inquire, after reading the items on their list—Where are the rest of them? They not only fail to give adequate security for the rights of these brave and loyal blacks who helped us gain the victory, but they give the entire government of the States lately in rebellion into the hands of disloyal men.

The lecturer thought that when we put the musket into the hands of the colored man, we made a virtual promise to give him the ballot. He thought it absurd and suicidal to debar our friends from political action while it was freely granted to our enemies; he thought the restriction upon rebel votes for Congressmen utterly useless while the whole voting in the election of State officers was done by the same objectionable class of persons; he thought better security should be provided against the assumption of the rebel war debt by States belonging to this Union, and *for* the payment of her full proportion, by the South, of the debt incurred in the suppression of the rebellion; he thought it should be plainly and strongly stated that no compensation shall ever be paid to slaveholders for emancipated slaves, and, finally, that no State should be allowed to establish, or maintain any qualification for voting or holding office which does not recognize political equality among all the male citizens of the State.

The last two meetings of the Boston Social Science Association have had under debate the very important subject of a more adequate provision of houses suited to the wants of small families, and of families in moderate circumstances. Plenty of light, and a fair proportion of sunshine, and free air, and good drainage, and a convenient arrangement of the several parts of their premises for work and rest, are as needful to the poor as the rich; and the poor could have them much more largely than at present, if a little attention were paid to the matter, not only to the augmentation of *their* health and welfare, but to the pecuniary advantage of the capitalists on whose premises they live. These ideas are fastening themselves more and more upon the notice of practical men here, and a Committee of our City Government is this week to confer with the officers of the Association above named to take measures for the erection of a considerable number of houses better suited than our present ones to secure health and comfort to people of moderate means.

A meeting has also been called, by a Joint Committee of the American Association for the Promotion of Social Science and of the Boston Social Science Association, of persons interested in the training and reformation of vagrant children and juvenile delinquents. They propose a three days' conference in Boston, commencing on Tuesday, the 5th of June next, to consider the present condition of our reformatory institutions, and what additional means are needed to prevent and check vice among the young.

It is desired, at the proposed meeting, to have an extended discussion of the following general topics:—1. The distinction between Vagrancy and Destitution on one hand, and Crime on the other.—2. The comparative value of the Family and Congregrate systems in Reformatory Institutions.—3. The Work to be done by Public as contrasted with Private Institutions, and the true principle of distributing these Institutions in the Community.—4. The true principles of legislation in respect of Vagrant and Criminal children.—5. The best system of Education in Reformatories; including Manual, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Education.—6

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

(Continued from First Page.)

beyond it. He knows that in Europe, Fashion, the invisible god, stronger than commerce and literature combined, keeps its vestibule guarded against even legislators and ballot-boxes; but that there is no such thing here. Social equality follows hard upon the heels of the ballot-box, and the South knows it. She knows that the real lesson of this war is that there is no distinction of races; that the American idea is a cosmopolitan Christianity, which welcomes to its magnanimous bosom all races and all creeds. The South knows it, and she resists. Universal suffrage is the *avant courier* of the army of Equality that comes behind. There is no use in disguising the question.

The man that does not believe that the blackest of the black in the darkest hovel of the Carolinas, is as thoroughly an American as John Hancock signing the Declaration of Independence, does not belong to our civilization. (Applause.) Where is the American Anti-Slavery Society? It is bounded—north by Canada, east by the Atlantic Ocean, south by the Gulf of Mexico, and west by the Golden Gate. The whole nation is turned into one great body, underlying which is the ignoring of all races. That is the lesson of the war, nothing short of it. It is idle to disguise it; the South knows it. The forces are at work. Niagara is pouring over; it cannot be stopped. But the North has not learned the lesson yet—not fully. She gropes her way toward it. She is willing to accept it. If her leaders had been willing, she would have proclaimed her acceptance to the world. Judge Kelley testifies that there is abundant evidence that last May the South was ready to go down upon its knees and accept the Northern idea. Why was it not done?

My friend, Mr. Frothingham, says that Andrew Johnson is no traitor. He has never promised anything, and he has fulfilled it. (Laughter.) That is true in a general sense. He never did promise anything; he poured out words with nothing in them. Hasty men, anxious to be cheated, swallowed them, and thought them principles. But I think his treason commenced, properly speaking, when he accepted the leadership of the North in this great struggle; when he took office in the name of the dominant party that carried us through the war, and then refused to serve the policy that elevated him. There is his treason. (Applause.) It is plain that he knew what he was assuming.

It is very true that we were traitors, as our friend told us—stupid traitors. If I have any idol—my friend Remond thinks I have not, but there are others who think I have—it is not the negro. It is Rarey, the horse-tamer. (Laughter.) I have a great delight in all tamings of animals. I was reading yesterday an interesting account of the taming of a lion in Paris. They took a stuffed hussar jacket, covered with a hundred brass buttons, and threw it into his den. He tore it to pieces and devoured it, and had an awful fit of indigestion, and lay a sick lion for a week. (Laughter.) Afterwards, with beast-like sagacity, whenever a man clad in a hussar jacket entered his den, he sat down silent and submissive before him. He would never touch a hussar jacket—no matter what was in it. Now America devoured one hussar jacket with "John Tyler" written on it, and another with "Fillmore," and yet they took another with "Andrew Johnson." (Laughter.) Not as wise as the brute, in spite of political indigestion, the nation goes on devouring hussar jackets. Henry Wilson took one in Colorado. (Applause.)

I still think that President Johnson, knowing what he assumed when he assumed office, betrays the North, and knows he betrays it. I will tell you my key to his history for a year. I do not think him the worst possible man. I think he entered office as wise as Brownlow, as perfectly cognizant of the underlying principles and necessities as his brother Tennesseans, Fowler, Maynard, and the rest of those men. He survived in good health, perhaps eight weeks. Then he was visited with the Presidential fever—the desire of renomination. It was about Summer time. He saw what your statesman Seward saw, with the clearness of instinctive selfishness, that if that great dominant party which carried us through the war, remains a unit until 1868, there can be but one man President, and that is Grant. They saw it as plain as demonstration, 999 chances out of 1,000, that if the great party which carried us through the war remains together, there is but one man with any chance for the Presidency. William H. Seward set himself, and Andrew Johnson set himself, to break that dominant party to pieces. That is his only object. For that he would give the negro suffrage, or he would sink him 60 fathoms, and Africa with him, in the ocean. For that he would avow any principle, or he would betray any principle. He does not hate a principle; neither does he love it. He says: If that party break, possibly some of the elements may float around me. And Seward says to himself: If that breaks, some of the elements may float around me; it is not much of a chance, but it is my only chance.

We have survived the domain of battle, and have reached the epoch of intrigue in politics, the most momentous, and the most dangerous shape which the struggle takes. President Johnson, as early as September, set himself to work to break the Republican party to pieces. He had no other object; and he has no other to-day. A politician neither hates nor loves; he uses. He uses men; and he would praise me to-day if it would get him a renomination. (Laughter.)

The Republican party did not oppose him. They did not recognize the fact, or if they did they would not avow it. They went forward, saying, step by step, perhaps it is not so, or perhaps if it is so, we can conciliate him. They covered like the ostrich their heads and their brains, and left the party exposed. They stand to-day with the party demoralized in the vain effort to make it believe that the president, after all, means substantially right, and could be brought back. We lost six months of education; an immense loss, an irreparable loss. I am not sure that now, with the Administration against us, and the people thus demoralized, it will be possible to save the fruits of this battle. But I know one thing. If we mean that our children shall win it the next time the decision is made on the battle field, the loyal North, if it goes down in this struggle, must go down with the banner of equal justice above it, with no compromise over its head. (Great applause.) When history records that we were defeated, let it say, They were defeated knowing what they needed, and struggling for it with their whole hearts; and let our children open the record and say, Here is what our father's experience taught them when they failed; now let us struggle and succeed.

The difficulty in 1789 was that when the revolutionary epoch ended, the men that understood it, went down with a lie upon their lips; and every man who opened their history, read a warning and not a lesson. The true thinkers could not clutch out of the last testimonies of the revolutionary apostles, any light for the guidance of the nation, from 1820 to 1860. It was all against us. Their utterances and their practice were in the other scale. Let us commit no such folly. When history writes our fate, if it shall ever come to that, that our fate is to be written against us, let it record that we knew there was no cure for this national hurt but in an equal and absolute justice to every human being, and that we died fighting for it.

I said just now, referring to the speech of my friend, Mr. Frothingham, how much his analysis satisfied me. His application satisfied me also. I recognise with him the inexpressible value of that army of devoted men and women who are laboring at the peril of their lives all over the South for the education of the negro. We have no other fulcrum for nationality at the South but the negro. It is upon him that the cause of nationality is to rest, in the near future. Book education, such as my friend adverted to, is of inexpressible importance to that race. We want them to learn to read. We want them to be within the circle of the influence of Northern journals. We want them to be where their minds can be reached by the discussion of Northern politics and statesmanship. The South has kept her negroes and her poor whites ignorant, shrewdly. She has often told us, "If they could get within the circle of your ideas, you would build up Northern allies right in the midst of us. They never shall read. You shall not circulate journals, and you shall not send speakers here. The dead weight of the poor white and the negro shall exist in our system as the basis of the slaveholding oligarchy."

How shall we remedy this? How shall we tear it out and make it cease to be their corner-stone? I will tell you. I believe that the great weakness—with all due respect be it said—of our friends in Congress, is that they continue to argue this question on precedent. Even the most watchless in his treatment of the subject at least—let me be partial to my own State—even Charles Sumner weakens his cause by going back of 1860, to fortify his claim by precedent. I am ready to acknowledge that if the precedents are not against us, they are at least very confused; and my position as an Abolitionist would be this: The nation has gone through this revolutionary effort. That revolution grew out of one idea. It was a struggle to stereotype into national law one idea, and that idea is this: that the word Republican, in a national, constitutional, American sense, means the absolute equality of every citizen before the law. That is the political meaning of the revolution. Now, when Senator Nye, of Nevada, tells me what men did, and what they thought of Republicanism in 1850, I do not care anything about it. The memory of a political man does not run back of 1860. We have settled one thing, that this country is a country of men, all equal. Lowell has said, in one of his lines struck out by genius, "Make a man a man and let him be." That is the whole necessity of the struggle. It contains in ten words the whole philosophy of the thing. Take your ghosts and nightmares before 1860 and bury them decently where they belong in the earth. The inference from that is this: My friend says they are exercising their right to education under the shadow of the sword. True; but Congress is bound to protect the rights of every citizen from Maine to New Orleans, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. If I am going to allow the negro in Alabama to vote on the question whether we shall fight France or not, I have a right to argue with him, a right to approach him, a right to have him in an *arguable* state—allow me to coin a word for the occasion. (Applause.) A young girl taking off a ring, her mother asked the reason, and she replied, "If anybody should press my hand I should like to have it in a *pressable* state." Now, I contend that when a nation adopts universal suffrage, it is bound and has a right to put every citizen into an *arguable* state. I am not going to trust the negroes of Alabama with a share of my political rights, unless I am allowed the right of educating them to understand the question, and of having access to them to debate each question as it rises. Consequently Congress has a right, the nation has a right, growing out of universal suffrage, to protect schools forever down in New Orleans. The national sword must never be sheathed, South Carolina shall never be shut up like China or Japan against civilization. The doctrine of State Rights, which meant a dungeon for white men to make victims of black men within, is exploded forever. Massachusetts has a right to visit South Carolina, and talk in every cabin there. (Applause.) This is the new dispensation. This is the New Testament, 1860 is the blank leaf between the old and the new.

This is what we have got to assume. Citizenship brings duties to the government, while it confers rights, one of which is to see that every citizen is educated. In the Old World, Austria and Prussia say, "although you humble men have no votes, you have an influence; and, therefore, in spite of father, in spite of mother, we enter the house and take out the boy, and before we allow him to be married, we make him have a certificate that he knows how to read." Ignorance is a powder magazine which cannot be trusted in a civilized community. Arbitrary government claims the right to educate. Constitutional government has tenfold the right. I intend, as long as I live, to claim that Congress has the constitutional right, and is bound by constitutional duty, to carry the schoolhouse wherever it has set up the ballot-box, to the end of the Union. (Applause.)

Still, my friend said with eminent truth, books do not educate a man; they are only one phase of education. Where is the rest? The ballot-box is the normal academy. Suffrage is Harvard College, forty times better than that antiquated symbol. (Laughter.) Universal suffrage is God's normal school for the masses. Look at John Bright's excellent and undoubtedly true compliment to New England in his recent speech: "Schools and the ballot-box have made New England the best governed community upon the face of the earth." We want to spread that truth all over the land. The ballot-box, the care of property, the acquisition of property, the keenness of inventive wit, the development of the whole nature, struggling in the contests of daily life—these are what educate men. William Cobbett said in somewhat homely English, but it was eminently true, "God gave man a stomach, and thereby gave him the foundation of being a citizen and an educated man;" because it gave him necessity, the mother of invention, the spur to effort.

I said just now that we could not get rid of Jefferson Davis. We cannot get rid of the 5,000 poisoned chalices calling themselves secessionists at the South. What are we to do? When Grant could not get rid of Lee, what did he do? When he started from Washington to anchor in Richmond and could not whip Lee, what did he do? He flanked him. We mean to flank Jefferson Davis. We mean to flank secessionism. We cannot convert it, cannot end it, must wait for God tot ake it away; but we can flank it. I put into the one scale Jefferson Davis with his hatred, Lee with his aristocracy, Wade Hampton with his prejudice, Gov. Aiken with his ignorance; I put in hatred and ignorance, prejudice and aristocracy, and I accept them as necessary evils. But I put into the other scale the instinctive loyalty of the negro race, never at fault. I give him 40 acres of land, a primer, and the right to the ballot. I put beside him the Yankee with his brains, and with his pocket full of greenbacks; and the other scale will kick the beam and cannot help it. I have got the normal forces of society, capital, and labor, and brain, in harmony. Jefferson Davis may wait to the end of the chapter; but he waits in vain. These are the elemental forces to which our friend alluded, which are included in the idea of reconstruction and justice.

The other day at Poughkeepsie, Carl Schurz said to his audience: "If you want to go South; if you want to emigrate; if you want to make 100 per cent. upon your investments, in a land where investments are better than in the gold region of California or in the fabled Ganges, I will tell you how. Do not go in squads of less than a hundred. Fill one pocket with revolvers and the other with greenbacks; and when you stop at night throw out pickets." In other words you cannot go. Money is not safe; nor are Yankees. You cannot invade the South with the elements of civilization. As long as that remains true, reconstruction is impossible. White men are flying from the South into Missouri, and Arkansas, and Iowa. As long as that flood goes northwest, reconstruction is impossible. It must turn back.

We all of us said in 1862, this army is not to conquer with bullets; the men are to stay South and transfer the North there. When an old Captain of my State landed at Fortress Monroe, an angry Virginian, cursing, him told him that he would never go home. "I don't mean to, sir; I came to settle," was the reply (laughter); and that expresses the whole philosophy of the question. But since then the army has come back, and has been mustered out where they were mustered in, except those left in Southern graves, 90 per cent. of them are at home. They must be carried back. Brains and labor must go back under the cover of the sword. Civilization must reconstruct the South.

Burn over New York to-night, and leave neither house nor store, college nor church upon the island—nothing but bare soil and hands—where would you go first, and what would you do? You would go to London and ask for capital, and you would begin to work with the great tool of modern civilization, money. The South knows her need as well as you do. Sherman has burned her over, forty miles wide. She is desolate and bare. Her cities and railways, her houses, her harvests, are all desolate. She wants capital to begin with. The North, with native selfishness, stands eager to give it—longing to give it—knowing that there is 100 or 200 per cent. in it. If Boston could only send her capital to Alabama, as she would to Wisconsin or Illinois, she would do so; but the South will not let her. She reconstructs the State with such codes, and she puts into important offices men of such moods, that neither money nor men from the North are safe. The consequence is that the capital which dotted the West with cities and cobwebbed it with railroads, stays at home.

But the South says: I must have capital. I cannot get it there. I will not submit to it. But I will stand at the door of Congress and ask that we may be represented there; and when my ninety Representatives enter, I will put the national finances into such shape, I will come forward with such claims for damages, I will put my arm into the national treasury so deep, that I will do without this Northern capital; and if I cannot do that, I will write Repudiation over the dome of the Capitol, and send the national credit down to 50, and then I will secede, and see where Washington can borrow money to put me down.

See where we stand. Even when Congress passes a law, we have to fall back upon the Supreme Court—five to four against us; and the President stands ready to fill the last vacancy, giving him six to four. Then comes before that Court the Civil Rights bill or an Anti-Slavery amendment, and where are we? Politics are in such a state that no man knows which door we shall come out of. But all the elemental forces of society are behind us—suffrage, capital, labor, books, schools, the sword—and we can reconstruct the South so as to make it the counterpart of Northern civilization, as we have a right to do. It seems to me that what this society meets to assert and to press upon the conscience of the nation, is this: the White House is against us—the Administration is irresonable. The effort to regain its co-operation is waste of time. Congress, in every effort in that direction, loses strength. It weakens Northern opinion; it weakens itself. Have you observed in Congress that forty men from the Northwest and the Northeast, who for two or three years past have made the best speeches and uttered the noblest protests, have now voted right on and been silent the whole session? I could name them; but I do not wish to be invidious. Run over the record of 1864 and 1865. Where are the men that led us then? Voting, but silent. They know they are so weak at home that they dare not provoke opposition by the utterance of their opinions. They dare only to act. They confess the almost unlimited power of national patronage. Congress feels weak. It means well. It does not intend to quail, as Judge Kelley says, under Presidential dictation. But the great Congressional trial comes next Fall; and before that it should be our part, in co-operation with the great national agencies, to teach the masses whom Congress is to represent that there is but one safe settlement of this question, which is to hold the right to educate the masses in the South, to regulate their institutions by national honesty, to call into being there the great elements which should give character to society. Nothing short of this will give our friends the victory.

We are beginning to discuss what is "constitutional." I hate the word. The war power is constitutional; and when you have asserted that, we have nothing further to do under the Constitution. Under the War Power Congress has the right to see that the nation is safe. Lowell has hit it again in his recent poem, in a single line, when he says, "Let Congress put up on its outside door, No Trust," No trust. Don't trust anybody. Trust things. Trust events. Trust powers. Trust elements. Trust God's forces. Don't trust men. Trust suffrage, money, books, reading and writing; trust in the selfishness of man co-operating with the selfishness of his neighbor; but don't trust men. That is the lesson of the war. I think that Congress is beginning to discuss too much the limits of constitutional scruples—the limitations of constitutional power. The epoch is not over. The war is not ended. The era is not finished. The transition state is not closed. The nation is still struggling for life—still endeavoring to be a unit. Like the tide rising upon the shore, the wave has gone up two feet, but it has gone back twenty inches. We gain by inches when we seem to be gaining by feet. 1862 ran up to high tide mark; but 1864 went back almost to low tide. In civil contests like this, we gain by quarters of inches; but the tide is not to be checked. We do not build our sea-wall two inches above low tide; we let the tide flood. So let men's minds discuss; let Congress enact; let the full swing of revolutionary and war power prevail. I deny that the revolution is ended. Slavery is not ended. Mississippi has her vagrant laws. South Carolina has her lash. Louisiana has the power of contract given to the blacks for ten days in January, and denied to them three hundred and fifty-five days in the year. That is slavery. Slavery is not ended. The social and civil institution is in full force. The slave oligarchy are still ruling. I know some men deem this very revolutionary talk; but talk otherwise and you surrender the fruits of the battle. Talk otherwise and 500,000 martyr graves are only wasted regrets. Talk otherwise and $3,000,000,000 are a burden without a benefit.

I will not longer detain the audience; but I wish to impress it upon the mind of every Abolitionist here to-day, and upon the mind of every citizen, that the revolution is still in progress. Congress has, as Charles Sumner says in his letter, still the right to make the nation safe. That is the formula. Rome in her old days of trouble, abrogated the laws, appointed a dictator, gave him the monopoly of the government, and gave him but one direction—"See that the Republic is safe." The message which I for one send to Congress, is, "If you can safely remain in session; be in session forever. (Applause.) But when you act, remember that twenty millions of people, who have set up a memorial stone at every hearthside, who have mortgaged every roof to save the nation, send you but one message: See, at whatever cost, by the exercise of whatever despotism, that the Republic is safe." (Applause.)

Speech of Mary Grew.

Miss Mary Grew, of Philadelphia, was introduced by the President, and said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: You have listened with applauding sympathy to the eloquent appeals of this morning. I come to you for something more than applause. This meeting was convened, not ultimately to give you a few hours of pleasure, not ultimately to thrill your souls with the highest emotions which can move the human soul—sympathy in sublime truths and great thoughts. It was convened in order that those emotions might crystalize into deeds, and that they who talk together this morning might for the year to come work together. Our friend, Mrs. Mott, who would have stood in this place at this moment, but for our misfortune that a cold has deprived her of the use of her voice, begs me to say to you for her, that she would have you take heed to the statement made in the speech this morning, so justly called a profound analysis of our cause, and to the statement of the great amount of funds contributed to the National Freedmen's Association. She wants you to bear in mind how freely money has been poured out to feed and clothe and educate the American on our Southern soil, and while learning a lesson from the liberality and generosity of those contributing to its funds, she asks you to remember that the treasury of this Society has not a tenth part as many contributors, and that it needs, at this moment, help, far more than any other association which has pressed its demands upon you. She would have you imitate the munificence which has filled those coffers.

I heard it said not long ago in Philadelphia, and I dare say you hear it said every day, that if we could go before the people and say we have this or that specific work to do, we could raise money enough; but that in fact we have nothing to do; that our work is done, and we do not know it; that the Temple of Liberty is built, and we do not see it. We who for thirty years and more have labored in this organization, who have wrought out whatever there is of anti-slavery sentiment in the land, we who have watched from its earliest beginning the growth of the anti-slavery enterprise, look back to-day upon those times when, at the peril of our lives, we met in obscure halls, a handful of men and women, looking about to see what we could do against the mighty force of this great nation, and we stand here to-day, and do not know what has been done! We who have given thanks for every victory, who have bowed in humble adoration for everything which God's power enabled us to win for the slave, do not know what has been done!

Because *all* is not done, do we say that nothing has been gained? This Temple of Liberty—who, by God's grace, reared it? We who have watched its stones as we piled one upon another, who consecrated in prayer and thanksgiving every column as it rose, every arch as it was spanned, who hailed the glorious light of heaven as it streamed through its painted windows—do we not know that the Temple of Liberty, built upon the foundation of a rock, is uplifted in this land? But it is all unroofed to-day; and millions of emancipated ones are crowding into it for shelter. We want to roof it. *Will you give us the money?* (Applause.)

It has been well and wisely said by one who has labored faithfully and long in our Southern land, under the auspices of the Freedmen's Association, that the work of the Abolitionist is like the building of a bridge. It is finished, all but one span. One arch only is wanting. But while that arch is wanting, of what avail is the bridge? Very much, as work done in the past, and not now needing to be done. But as we look at it we see those negroes of the South, our clients for whom we have labored long, crowding its parapets rushing over the bridge, standing upon its higher end, reaching forward, and stretching out their arms, and calling upon us to build fast and put up that missing arch that they may come over to the land of perfect freedom. Did we not give thanks for every stone, from its foundation to its topmost parapets? When so little remains to be done, would we show our gratitude better by sitting down and doing no more? Then indeed might we say that the past is lost; but now when the labor which the future demands will complete the labor of the past, the work of the past cannot be lost.

Now what is the remaining work which we ask you to help us to do? It is to secure the personal freedom of the emancipated millions by giving them the suffrage, by making them American citizens indeed and in truth. We appeal to every man who glories in his citizenship, and who feels a pride and joy as he holds the ballot in his hand as a symbol of that citizenship, to give, by every means in his power, that right to his colored brother which he values for himself. Knowing what it is to you, knowing what it would cost you to be deprived of it, we appeal to you to do all you can to give it to every black man in the land.

We appeal to every woman too who knows its value by the injustice which denies it to her, to work diligently and faithfully to give it to every black man in the land. Aye, work as you would to obtain it for yourselves, for his sake, for the sake of justice, and to save the nation of which you are a part.

Until this work is done, until absolute security is obtained for the personal liberty of the colored race in this country the work of the American Anti-Slavery Society is not completed. A great deal of this work may well be done by others, and we may help to do it; but this our own work, who shall do it if we do not?

One other thought I would press upon you. There are around us a thousand plans of benevolence for the poor and the aged, white and black, orphans, homeless, outcast, all sorts of distress,—a thousand associations pressing their claims upon us in the name of Christianity. Would to God we could respond to all these claims with the munificence they deserve. But as we cannot, is it not our duty as Abolitionists, in this hour of the special need of the black man, in this critical hour of our nation, to give more largely and generously to this cause than to any other? I would not say, Withhold the mite or the abundance which God in his providence enables you to give to the poor; but should you not, in this hour when so much turns upon the accomplishment of this one work, give more largely and generously to it than to all other claims upon your benevolence? Give generously, sparing what you can from your luxury, from your convenience, from your comfort even, for your brother's necessity, for your nation's need; and God shall return to you good measure, pressed down and running over. (Applause.)

The President, on behalf of the Committee, nominated the following as the Finance Committee, and they were appointed:

Edward M. Davis, Susan B. Anthony, Caroline R. Putnam, Sarah H. Halleck, Sallie Holley, and Aaron M. Powell.

Remarks of Theodore Tilton.

While the Committee were taking up a collection, Theodore Tilton said:

Mr. Chairman: I certainly had no expectation of saying a word to you, and I shall say no more than a word. I entirely agree with the distinguished gentleman who occupies the chair (Mr. Phillips) in his view that slavery is not yet ended; and I am sure that I am equally right when I announce my own opinion that it is time this meeting was ended. Nevertheless, I am to keep my eye on the collectors and not let you go if possible until they shall be able to take from your hands those gifts which I trust your hearts will prompt. I recollect that when Sojourner Truth went to Abraham Lincoln to sell her photographs, she said, "It is not a very handsome picture, Mr. Lincoln; it is black; but it has a white back; and I should like to have yours and a *green-back;*" and the President gave it. Since the platform presents to you the negro, we trust you will present to the platform the greenback.

I found myself under the necessity of differing from my friend, Mr. Remond, when he put the President on one side, and the Copperheads on the other. For my own part, looking with a white man's eyes, it seems to me that the President and the Copperheads are upon the same hand, that left hand mentioned in the Scriptures, among the goats. I think, however, that I can cordially accept the view of my friend, that there should be universal amnesty and universal suffrage, if we couple with it this qualification,—the non-withdrawal of the troops. I believe in universal suffrage; it is right. I believe in universal amnesty; it is right. Nevertheless, the rebellion is not ended; and we cannot summon home the bayonet; we cannot haul down the flag. I want to see the school-houses maintained. I want, therefore, that the bayonets should glitter in the sun. If, therefore, universal amnesty is to be interpreted to mean the withdrawal of the troops, the time is not yet come for universal amnesty. Yet, as a sentiment first introduced to public notice by an Abolitionist,—not the Senator from Nevada, though he may have presented it to Congress as his gift upon the reconstruction question,—it was the legitimate outgrowth of the Anti-Slavery movement. We never demanded that the gibbet should be lifted up, that property should be confiscated, that the white man should be stricken down. We asked only that justice should be done; that justice should be given to those to whom it had been denied.

[A member of the Finance Committee asked Mr. Tilton if it would disturb him for the Committee to take up their collection while he was speaking.]

Mr. Tilton—On the contrary, that was the very reason that I took the floor. I hope no person will pay any attention to me while I speak; but that you will all attend to your pockets, and make large gifts. I recollect that once there was a dispute between three ladies, which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by the stream, and dipped her hand into the water and held it up; another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink; and the third gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old, haggard woman passing by, asked, "Who will give me a gift? for I am poor." All three denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift, and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute; and they told her, and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beautiful, indeed," said she, as she saw them; but when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said, "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook; it is not the hand that is tipped with red; it is not the hand garlanded with fragrant flowers; but it is the hand that gives to the poor, which is the most beautiful hand." And as she said the words, her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven, with authority to decide the question in dispute. My errand to-day to you is that you will all hold up your hands to the sky with good gifts for the negro.

Mrs. Abby Kelley Foster remarked: I wish to remind those who have given so bountifully to the Freedman's Aid Commission, that the object of this Society is to put an end to the necessity for that kind of charity. If the freedman is recognized as an equal citizen before the law, able to protect himself, he will no longer need your charity. Give him full justice, and you destroy the necessity of those charities which otherwise call upon us month after month and year after year.

The President read a letter from Hon. Gerrit Smith, enclosing a donation of $100.

A resolution providing for reorganizing the American Anti-Slavery Society as a political organization, was offered and referred to the Business Committee.

The Society then adjourned until 7½ o'clock, p. m.

Evening Session.

The Society having been called to order by the President, Rev. J. T. Sargent, of Boston, said:

Speech of John T. Sargent.

Mr. President: So unpractised a speaker as I may well shrink with diffidence before these Anti-Slavery audiences, accustomed as they are to the highest and best utterances, and especially after the eloquent addresses we had this morning. But I have another cause for distrust of myself on this occasion. I was dragged off a sick bed yesterday morning, in Boston—or, rather, I dragged myself off—in order to fulfil a pledge which I had given you that I would try and say something here, for I find it difficult to refuse any request of Wendell Phillips! But what can I say? This political crisis—how *momentous* it is! Those gathering storm-clouds at the South—how dark they look! Those flashes that come out of them—is it fire from heaven or from hell? "Chain-lightning," at all events, they seem to indicate. That rumbling, as of distant thunder—is it only the premonition of a pleasant Summer shower? Would to heaven it were!

Sir, I have heard it said that the peaceful dwellers at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, the peasantry of Italy, living, as I have seen them, under the shadow of that volcano, as they watch the sluggish curl of smoke that goes up from its crater, are more or less under apprehension that it may break out again and destroy their homesteads, as it overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii, centuries ago. Not unlike *their* apprehensions are *ours* now, lest the political volcano at Washington now sending up its forewarning smoke and its sulphureous exhalations, should again break out with its ruinous eruptions.

A year ago, on this very platform, in this very place, an earnest discussion was had as to the expediency of disbanding this organization of ours. Its dissolution was advocated, mainly on the ground that its *Anti-Slavery* work was done—the abolition of slavery being virtually accomplished by President Lincoln's welcome "Proclamation." The debate was ably conducted on both sides, and resulted in a wise decision rather to *sustain* the Society longer, on the considerations—so well argued by yourself and others—that, although the "Emancipation Proclamation" of President Lincoln did make a sort of formal decree of the death of chattel slavery, giving us the semblance of it, there was still a great work to be done, an essentially *Anti-Slavery* work, by the waiting and watching for the practical confirmation of that decree among the Southern States, and the insurance of universal suffrage, social privileges and civil rights to the colored man, without which all our talk about his freedom would be but the "sounding brass" of a miserable pretence! We considered that those rights and privileges were by no means fully assured to him; but, on the contrary, were seriously imperilled by the intensity of Southern prejudice, the halting and compromising spirit of our Congress, the stolidity of so much indifference even at the North, and the undeveloped and then unknown policy of President Johnson. And, now I ask, looking at all the revelations and experiences of the past year, are we not fully justified in the conclusion to which we then came to sustain our Society? Does not all we have seen and known the past year of the most stubborn antagonist influences—all that we have experienced of the President's ambitious and crafty policy and dogged opposition to every wise measure of Congress, fully confirm the wisdom of our decision thus to "hold on?" We have seen enough, surely, to make us tenacious of our first principles, sober, anxious, vigilant. As to the President's licentious use of the veto power, which has been, as it were, the crowning enormity of this past eventful year, it opened the eyes at once of all who were not previously well convinced of the man's Southern sympathies, his consummate duplicity, and his disinclination to do justice to the colored race. It surprised none who could see and understand him as he really is, the enemy of all advocates of liberty and equality, the intriguing servant of the South, unworthy of our confidence—an oligarch and a despot in his purposes, as treacherous in his intent as he is capricious and mean in his methods. But what can be the moral status of a man who has so deceived the "very elect?" But has he deceived the very elect?—you ask. Of course he has. Isn't Wendell Phillips one of "the very elect?" and did not *he* say, very earnestly, and in this very place, a year ago (had he not *then reason* to say from what we *all* supposed were the President's anti-slavery intentions"), "I tell you Abolitionists, that, although I have been quoted as reflecting on the President, I *believe* in him. It is God's providence that gives us his right hand on the helm of government to-day. We needed a sterner hand in these opening hours. I *believe* in President Johnson. I believe he means *suffrage.*" Well, we *all* believed it *then*, so earnest and unqualified was the man's avowal of a purpose to be the true friend of the colored race, their "Moses," to lead them on, as he said, to the full enjoyment of liberty and of every social and civil right. But so basely have all these fair promises been broken that *you*, sir, have been obliged of late to launch upon him all the severity of your Philippics, calling him, as he is now, an "intriguing servant of the South," traitorous to all the best interests of the country, the *ringleader* of the present Southern conspiracy."

And did not Mr. Garrison, also, another of "the elect," on the same occasion, a year ago, with equal fervor, say of Andrew Johnson—"We have a man now, who seems ready for all that justice demands; a man perhaps better fitted than his predecessor, in many respects, to meet the emergencies which are before us, and to see full justice done to traitors!" But what says Mr. Garrison now? In very plain terms, recently, he has expressed his opinion of the President's treacherous course, comparing him to Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot, and declaring him false to his oath of office, and demanding his speedy impeachment and removal from the office he so dishonors and betrays. For my part I consider this Johnson the veriest knave and mountebank extant, a most accomplished trickster, a very chameleon in his capacity of changing color and seeming to be what he is not. Where will you find a man more facile or ingenious in being as they say, "all things to all men." Just look at the creature? Has he ever entertained a purpose which had not, in the last analysis, two sides to it? Has he ever done an act or made a speech which was not characterized by the most puerile and shallow self-conceit? Has any single deed or decree of his ever given evidence of a sympathy for the colored man? What promise has he ever made that he has not broken? What sort of a *Moses* has he turned out to be? How has he sneered at all reformers, and connived at all the plottings of our enemies, and boasted of his own merits and stultified himself over and over again by his absurd selfishness! and with what self-sufficiency does he style himself the "Tribune" of the people! and what will the New York *Tribune* say to that taking of its name in vain? Our excellent and worthy friend Professor Lowell, under his *nomme de plume* of "Hosea Bigelow," in the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*," touches him up so well that I quote a line or two from Hosea's famous "speech at March meeting:"

> "The President, wal, *he* thinks ther slickest plan
> Ould be t'allow that *he's* our only man,
> An that we fit thru all that droffle war
> Jes for *his* private glory and eclor.
> Nobuddy ain't a Union man sez he
> 'Thout he agrees thru thick en thin wi me."

So again Hosea's plain philosophy as to the true policy of reconstruction is pithy and well worth considering. Hear him:

> "I'll tell yer wut. *I'm* 'fraid we'll drift ter *leward*
> 'Thout we ken put more stiffnin into *Seward!*"

Then of "equal rights" he has something sensible:

> "Now, *I know this;*—our money's safest trusted
> In suthin, come wut will, what cann't be busted,
> An that's the old Ameriken Idee
> *To make a man a man and let him be!*"

So it *is* Hosea. "That's the talk" as we Yankees say, "to make a man a man and let him be!" That's the *whole* of it. First ensure to every man (the black as well as the white) his true social *status as a man;*—recognize him as such with all the immunities and privileges which belong to him as a human being, clearing out of his way all obstacles, prejudices, impediments, hindrances to his rightful progression or improvement, and then, on that plane of human opportunities let him "go ahead" and work out his own salvation upward and onward like other men, unmolested. And what I say thus of *man* I say no less unreservedly for *woman*. I want to see the time when, in spite of complexion or crinoline, such men as Frederick Douglass, Charles Lenox Remond, Robert Purvis and Wm. Wells Brown, and such women as Anna Dickinson, Frances D. Gage, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary Grew, and others, will be as eligible to offices of trust, aye, and to seats in our Congress, if competent to such posts, as Charles Sumner or Henry Wilson. Why not? We have had, quite long enough, in our legislative assemblies, men of block tin. It is time now we had men of *bronze*, even if they show it in their complexions. And after all what *has* the question of *complexion* to do with the question or condition of innate moral or mental capacity. Our main aim should be to get for our legislators and rulers those of the highest mental and moral capacity. To consummate these ends we *must* have, sooner or later, ensured the right of suffrage, irrespective of sex or complexion, not only because it is a simple self-evident act of justice, but because, as times now are, and as things are now tending, we cannot otherwise save the Republic. But how is this to be done? you ask. The people are still apathetic or incredulous as to the wisdom of such a policy;—do not *see* it as we do; are but half awake to the real issues and necessity of the case. Congress is not a unit on the question, but is subdivided, quibbling, halting as between two opinions, and the President, with a loose-jointed Cabinet to back him, obstinate as an old mule, is at issue with that body on all points. Well, then, we must get some *better horse* in place of the old mule. We must arraign all deficiencies; ring the alarum-bells; denounce the President and his Cabinet for their delinquency; jog the consciences of our Congressmen; kindle on every hill-top, from Maine to California, the watch-fires of our forewarning; protest against all compromise, saying to it as Christ said, "Get thee behind me, Satan;" summon the people, yes, the *people*, to solemn conference on the crisis; set a watch o'er the endangered capital; call the roll of the loyal and true-hearted everywhere; cry out as if the *world* were on fire, as it always *is* when a great wrong is wrestling with justice; raise higher and higher the blazing flags of our remonstrances over every church-spire and castle-tower; agitate, *agitate*, AGITATE, till, by the persistency of our pleadings and our prayers, we break down with a great crash these monstrous usurpations and conspiracies, and then, through that breach in the old partition-walls of oppression, the sovereign people shall go rushing in with a glad shout, as we gain our point, crown-

(Continued on Second Page.)